No. 9 NOVEMBER 9, 1912 5 CENTS

# NICK CARTER STORIES

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## THE CURRIE OUTFIT

AS THE MAN DROVE AWAY WITH THE TRUNK A CLICK OF THE CAMERA SOUNDED FROM THE DOORWAY CONCEALING PATSY GARVAN.

STREET & SMITH PUBLISHERS NEW YORK

# NICK CARTER STORIES

*Issued Weekly. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York Post Office, by* STREET & SMITH, 79-89 *Seventh Ave., New York.*


*Copyright, 1912, by* STREET & SMITH. *O. G. Smith and G. C. Smith, Proprietors.*


**TERMS TO NICK CARTER STORIES MAIL SUBSCRIBERS.**
(*Postage Free.*)
**Single Copies or Back Numbers, 5c. Each.**

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 3 months | 65c. | One year | $2.50 |
| 4 months | 85c. | 2 copies one year | 4.00 |
| 6 months | $1.25 | 1 copy two years | 4.00 |

**How to Send Money**—By post-office or express money order, registered letter, bank check or draft, at our risk. At your own risk if sent by currency, coin, or postage stamps in ordinary letter.

**Receipts**—Receipt of your remittance is acknowledged by proper change of number on your label. If not correct you have not been properly credited, and should let us know at once.

**No. 9.** NEW YORK, November 9, 1912. **Price Five Cents.**


# THE CURRIE OUTFIT;

## Or, NICK CARTER'S NEEDLE CLEW.

Edited by CHICKERING CARTER.

### CHAPTER I.

THE MISSING MODIST.

Nick Carter, the celebrated detective, was seated at his desk in his business office about half past eight one September morning. He was talking into his telephone in response to a call just received.

"This is Percy Vandyke talking."

"Ah, yes, I remember you," responded Carter.

"I am in my office in the Trinity Chambers. I wish you would come here at once, Nick, and look into a case. It is most mysterious and involves——"

"Stop a moment," said Nick. "What kind of a case is it? Has a crime been committed?"

"Undoubtedly—possibly a murder!"

"Who is the victim?"

"Madame Celeste, a very fashionable dressmaker. She occupies rooms on the floor above. She is a very beautiful woman, a widow, who came from Paris about three years ago and established her business here. She——"

"Is she dead? Has her body been found?"

"No, not found," said Vandyke, a bit impatiently. "She is mysteriously missing. There is evidence of foul play, however, and—but I must not explain in detail by telephone. Do come up here, Nick, as quickly as possible. I have prevented others from notifying the police, for I am very anxious that you should look into the case. My interest in the woman——"

"Evidently is quite pronounced," Nick put in dryly. "Very well, Vandyke, I will be with you in about fifteen minutes. Take steps that nothing shall be disturbed before I arrive."

Nick replaced the telephone on his desk. Two of his assistants, Chick Carter and Patsy Garvan, looking up from the morning mail while he was talking, now regarded him with inquiring eyes.

"Ring a call for the auto, Patsy," he said, rising. "We'll run up to the Trinity Chambers and see what's doing there. It was young Vandyke who was talking. You will remember him in connection with the curious case of the Emerald Snake, supposed to have been stolen by an ape escaped from the Bronx Park. Also in the jewel robbery committed in that unoccupied Fifth Avenue mansion owned by his cousin, the wealthy Mrs. Sturtevant."

"It strikes me, chief," said Patsy, "that the memorable character in those two cases was Mortimer Currie, that swell chap who went to the bad and turned crook."

"There is some truth in that, Patsy," Nick admitted, while all three were making ready to respond to this hurry-up call.

"When a fellow of his class goes wrong, by Jove, he's one to look out for," Patsy went on glibly. "He's like a well-trained athlete, capable of letting out all there is in him. Currie demonstrated that in the masterly subterfuge by which he slipped out of Sing Sing after we sent him up for a term of years.

"It takes a mighty tricky man to feign illness so cleverly as to fool a prison physician, and one slippery as an eel to elude the hospital guards and make good his escape," Patsy continued. "That's what Mortimer Currie did. It's nearly eight months, too, since he gave the elbows the slip. I'm not so sure that we'll not find his finger marks in this case."

"Why in this, Patsy, assuming that we really pick up a case of any consequence?" Nick inquired.

"Because he and this Mr. Percy Vandyke used to be

very good friends, and Vandyke figured in both other cases. I'm a great believer in coincidences, chief."

"There may be something in it," replied Nick. "Come on, if you're ready. Danny has arrived with the car."

Half a minute later they were speeding toward Fifth Avenue in the warm sunshine of the early morning. They soon arrived at their destination, the small commercial block known as the Trinity Chambers.

It occupied a corner and originally consisted of three brownstone dwellings, which had been reconstructed inside and out, and made into a single block for business purposes soon after the trend of trade encroached upon that part of the famous avenue. There now was only a single broad entrance, approached by a high rise of steps and leading into a main corridor.

More than half of the first floor and most of the basement, overlooking both the avenue and the side street, were occupied by a famous French restaurant, run by one Pierre Villard. The three rooms on the opposite side of the corridor were occupied by Damon Brothers, importers of costly laces.

On the second floor, over the restaurant, were two millinery establishments, a manicure parlor, and an agency for a fashionable make of shoes. Over these were three rooms occupied by Madame Celeste, while on the opposite side of the corridor adjoining her rooms were those of a ladies' hair dresser, a woman teacher of physical culture, and one large room rented by the agent of a Paris maker of ladies' silk hosiery, one Julian Gagnon.

Vandyke & Son, bankers and brokers, a branch of the wealthy Wall Street firm of Gustavus Vandyke & Company, occupied the three rooms over Damon Brothers, a suite of offices extending from the front to the rear of the second floor. It was the manager of this branch establishment who had telephoned to the detective that morning.

Nick did not wait for the elevator. Followed by Chick and Patsy, he hastened up the broad stairs to the second floor, where he was met by Percy Vandyke, who was just coming out of his private office.

"I saw you from my window," he explained, after greeting the three detectives. Step into my private office. I will tell you what I know about the case before we go up to Madame Celeste's rooms."

"Who is there?" asked Nick. "Will any evidence there be disturbed?"

"I have guarded against that," said Vandyke, leading the way into his handsomely furnished office. "Two girls employed as seamstresses by Madame Celeste are in charge of her rooms. They are sisters: Mary and Nora Kelly. They open her place each morning before the other employees come. I have directed them to lock the doors and remain in the corridor with the rest of the help until you arrive."

"Very good," said Nick; "now, what about the case?"

"First, Nick, a word about the woman and why I have any special interest in her," said Vandyke. "Madame Celeste came from Paris about three years ago. She is a widow, somewhere in the thirties, very pretty and well educated, and is a woman of irreproachable character. She is one of the most fashionable dressmakers in the city. I am interested in her, however, only because we are her bankers, and she conducts all of her financial business through our firm.

"Briefly stated," Vandye proceeded, "the Kelly sisters came at eight o'clock this morning to open her rooms and put them in order. Much to their surprise, they found the door unlocked and the rooms unoccupied. Madame Celeste's street garments still were hanging in a wardrobe closet, indicating that she went home without hat or outside garment, or that she remained in her rooms overnight. Nora Kelly, who was the last to leave at nine last evening, states that Madame Celeste said she should work late in order to finish a garment that must be delivered to-day.

"That is corroborated by the janitor, who, before going home at eleven o'clock, saw a light in one of Madame Celeste's room, and, thinking it might have been overlooked, he tried the door and found her hard at work. She then told him that she should be busy until after midnight. So far as I have learned, he was the last to see her. There is evidence in her rooms that——"

"Stop a moment," Nick interrupted. "I will size up for myself the evidence in her rooms. Where does Madame Celeste live?"

"She has a flat in Park Avenue, where she keeps a French woman to look after the rooms and do the cooking. The woman has been called up by telephone. She stated that she went to bed about nine o'clock last evening, and that Madame Celeste has not been at home since noon, yesterday."

"Did you think to ask whether it was unusual for Madame Celeste to be away overnight?"

"There was no need of asking," said Vandyke. "The woman, obviously somewhat alarmed, voluntarily stated that she has never known Madame Celeste to be out after midnight."

"How was the matter brought to your notice?" asked Nick.

"By Nora Kelly," said Vandyke. "Nora came down to my office and told me, knowing my business relations with her employer. And I at once instituted a more thorough search for the missing woman."

"With any results?"

"Only negative results," said Vandyke. "She is not in the building, yet we cannot find any person who saw her leave it. Villard's restaurant was open until two o'clock, when the street door also was closed and locked, though several of his help were busy until four this morning, both in the restaurant and the adjoining corridor. None of them saw Madame Celeste, however, nor could she have opened the street door without going to the restaurant manager for the key. He always locks that door after closing up for the night."

"Is there any other door by which the woman could have departed?"

"Only a basement door opening into an alley leading to the side street. It is never used by any of the tenants."

"I now will have a look at Madame Celeste's rooms," declared Nick. "Lead the way, Mr. Vandyke."

## CHAPTER II.

### DROPS OF BLOOD.

It was after nine o'clock when the three detectives accompanied Percy Vandyke to the corridor on the third floor. There they found half a dozen young women anxiously waiting in a group near one of the doors of Madame Celeste's rooms.

A few yards away stood a large, robust woman, the advocate and instructor of physical culture, Miss Loretta Grande. She was talking with two men, one of whom was the janitor of the building, a freckled little Irishman.

The other was a well-built, fashionably dressed man, apparently about forty years old. He was very dark, with black hair, a pointed beard, and a waxed mustache. He looked like a Frenchman, as his name indicated, for this was Mr. Julian Gagnon, the agent of a Paris hosiery firm, whose sample room was on that floor.

"Strange, quite strange, I will admit, Miss Grande," he was saying, as Nick came up the stairs. "But her absence is not so prolonged as to warrant serious alarm."

Nick heard Gagnon's remarks, but had only a momentary glance at the man himself. For Mr. Gagnon turned while he was speaking and unlocked the door of his sample room, near by, into which he immediately disappeared.

"That's Mr. Gagnon," Vandyke whispered, at Nick's elbow. "The two girls in white shirt waists are the Kelly sisters. The one with the key in her hand is Nora."

"Is that the key to Madame Celeste's rooms, Miss Kelly?" said Carter inquiringly.

"Yes, sir," she replied, handing it to him.

"Who has been in there this morning besides you and your sister?"

"Only Mr. Vandyke, sir."

"Are things about as you found them?"

"Just as we found them, sir," said Nora.

"Does Madame Celeste frequently work late in the evening?"

"Sometimes, sir, though not often. Only when she is anxious to finish a garment."

"On what was she at work last evening?"

"On a white satin dress, sir, for Mrs. Antony Cavendish. It must be delivered to-day for her daughter's wedding."

"You remain here, Vandyke, and prevent others from entering," said Nick. "I will see what I can discover."

He unlocked the door and entered while speaking, followed by Chick and Patsy. To the latter he said quietly:

"Leave the door ajar and wait near it. Notice whether anything of significance is said in the corridor, and, if so, by whom."

Madame Celeste's establishment occupied three connected rooms: a parlor for the use of waiting customers, a room in which garments were tried on and fitted, and a workroom for her half-dozen assistants.

The detectives had entered the workroom, in which there were several sewing machines and chairs, a large cutting table, numerous shelves and drawers containing partly finished work, and much of the paraphernalia required in the business. The room was in some disorder, the floor littered with clippings and scraps of cloth, remnants from the previous day's work.

One end of the cutting table was about six feet from the door. Overturned on the floor near it was a wire figure used for draping skirts. A chair near by had been tipped over. On the floor nearly under the table lay a wicker basket, bottom up, from which numerous spools of silk and cotton had fallen, also a pair of scissors and a tape measure. A large sheet of cotton cloth, which evidently had been spread on the bare floor to prevent a garment on which Madame Celeste had been at work from becoming soiled, was awry and partly in a heap.

"There was a struggle here," Nick said quietly. "It must have been after eleven o'clock, when the janitor saw Madame Celeste at work. Before going farther here, let's have a look into the other rooms."

In an adjoining room a handsome costume of white satin had been carefully laid over one of the chairs. It was the only noteworthy object in the room, and Nick said quickly, pointing to it:

"That fixes the time of the assault, providing we are right in assuming there was one, at a later hour. The dress evidently is finished. Madame Celeste put it here to remain until morning. She told the janitor that she should be busy until after midnight."

"Obviously, then, whatever occurred here must have transpired in the early hours of the morning, when all of the other rooms on this floor and the one below must have been deserted."

"That's the point," said Nick, stepping into the adjoining parlor. "Ah, here are others. These show plainly enough why Madame Celeste did not go home."

There was a blue-velvet couch near one of the walls. A silk pillow and a worsted afghan were lying on it. On the floor nearly under it lay a starched collar and a flimsy white lace tie.

"The pillow bears an indenture evidently caused by the woman's head," said Nick pointedly. "Madame Celeste worked even longer than she expected when talking with the janitor. She was very tired when she finished the satin dress, and laid it in the next room. It may have been two o'clock, or even three. Obviously, Chick, she decided to sleep here, instead of going home at that hour. She extinguished the light in her workroom, then came here and lay down, throwing the afghan over her, and afterward removing her collar and tie, which she thrust under the edge of the couch. Any person lying there earlier would have picked them up and probably put them on before departing."

"By Jove, Nick, that rings true," Chick quickly agreed.

"Something happened, however, that awoke Madame Celeste and caused her to arise hurriedly," Nick further pointed out. "Notice that the afghan was thrown nearly off the foot of the couch, as if she had moved under an impulse of alarm and got up in a hurry."

"Here is a door leading into the corridor," continued Nick. "She may have heard something out there, or, more probably, thought she heard some one in her workroom, since she evidently went in that direction.

"We'll return and see what more we can find. There is nothing else here. The workroom evidently was the scene of the trouble, of whatever it consisted," Nick argued, while they retraced their steps.

Still further evidence soon convinced Nick that he had hit the nail on the head. On the workroom floor near the door Patsy had discovered two bright red spots, also one on the threshold, obviously drops of blood.

"Have a look at these, chief," he said, when Nick returned. "There was something doing here, all right."

"All wrong, Patsy, I'm thinking," Nick replied, while he examined them.

"But there are only three drops. There must have been more if any one was badly wounded."

"There was bloodshed, nevertheless, and these three drops are very significant. Notice that one of the drops was trod on, causing it to spread, while the other spot is perfectly round," said Nick, pointing to the two stains on the floor. "This drop that fell on the threshold, however, was rubbed by something passing over it, in all

probability the edge of a woman's skirt. If trodden on, like the other, it would have spread in all directions. Instead, observe the smooch caused by the rubbing, also that it extends straight across the threshold toward the corridor."

"What do you deduce from that?" asked Chick.

"Simply, Chick, that the woman's skirts must have been moving in that direction, and, therefore, the woman herself. In other words, having come to this room after being disturbed, Madame Celeste was seen and seized by some person, or persons, then in the room, or, possibly, whom she discovered in the corridor. Be that as it may, a struggle occurred here in which either she or one of her assailants was slightly wounded. They overcame her, however, and either forced her to accompany them or carried her away bodily. These overturned articles show that the struggle occurred in the room and near the door. The bloodstain on the threshold shows that Madame Celeste went or was carried into the corridor, after the struggle occurred. How far, for what, and by whom, are open questions."

"You think, then, that she has been abducted?"

"I have no doubt of it," Nick confidently asserted.

"But thieves would, ordinarily, merely have knocked her out and left her here."

"They may not have been thieves; there is no positive evidence of it. They may have been crooks of another kind, with some secret motive for abducting her. We must, at all events, try to trace her. That's the next move for us to make. If she has been removed from the building, there must be some way of learning when, and how."

"That is another contingency, Nick."

"That she still is in the building—don't think for a moment, Chick, that I have overlooked it," said Nick, smiling. "It may be that she is the victim of some tenant on this floor or the floor below. That amazon who teaches physical culture may be jealous of her, providing there is a man attentive to both. Or some infatuated scamp doing business in this building, whom she may have repulsed, has possibly gone over the traces and conspired to get her into his clutches. Since she seldom is here late in the evening, it cannot easily have been anticipated that last night would be an exception, which leads me to suspect one of the tenants, rather than an outsider, who would have been less likely to know she was here.

"Whether this is correct, or not, we will act upon it for a starter," Nick added. "I want a thorough search made in each room on this floor and the one below. Those on the first floor hardly fall within the circle of suspicion, there being too many persons employed there for any of them to have ventured incurring distrust by their absence when the trick was turned."

"That's true. They would have been missed, surely."

"But won't we expose our suspicions, chief, if we go butting into the several offices on the two upper floors?" questioned Patsy.

"We might if we visited only one office," Nick replied. "If we search all of them, no one will have cause for misgivings. Examine the windows of each, and, incidentally, have a look into every corner. I want only to make sure that she is not confined in either of the rooms."

"Go ahead, then, Patsy, and visit those on the second floor," Nick directed. "Include Vandyke's, so that there may be no exception. While Chick and I will look after this floor.

"You visit the other rooms, Chick, and I will look into that of the hosiery agent, and afterward make a search in the basement. Rejoin me in Vandyke's office a little later."

Nick led the way to the corridor, where only Vandyke and the half dozen girls employed by Madame Celeste were waiting. He whispered a few words of instruction to the young banker and sent him down to his office, and then directed the girls to begin their day's work as usual, pending further investigations.

Having taken these steps, which served to clear the corridor, Nick sought briefly for another telltale bloodstain, or any evidence of where Madame Celeste had gone, or been taken by her supposed assailants. His search proving entirely futile, he then approached the room occupied by Julian Gagnon, the agent for Parisian hosiery.

## CHAPTER III.

### A POINTED CLEW.

Nick Carter opened the door unceremoniously and entered Mr. Gagnon's room. He took in with a glance the prominent features: the shelved walls filled with attractive pasteboard boxes of nearly uniform size; a large wooden case, partly emptied, bearing the shipping marks of a Paris transportation company; a long sample table on which numerous boxes were lying, evidently a recent importation taken from the case, some of which were open, displaying a variety of exquisite silk hosiery—these and an open rolltop desk, at which Mr. Gagnon was seated, apparently absorbed in his morning mail, were what immediately met Nick's gaze.

"Good morning," he said conventionally. "I hope I don't intrude. You are Mr. Gagnon?"

"Yes, Mr. Carter."

"Ah, you recognize me?"

"Not at all. I never saw you before this morning."

The agent for French hosiery had swung round in his swivel chair and was gazing smilingly at Nick through a pair of glistening glasses.

"But you called me by name," Nick remarked.

"Very true," said Gagnon. "Recognize, however, was not quite the proper word. That implies, Mr. Carter, that we have previously met. I know you only because I was told that Mr. Vandyke had sent for you, and I saw you coming up the stairs."

"H'm; just so; you make it quite plain," Nick observed, a bit dryly. There was something about the man which he did not fancy.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Carter?" questioned Gagnon.

"I am investigating the mysterious disappearance of Madame Celeste."

"Do you expect to find her here?" Gagnon asked, and his smile became a curious low laugh, seemingly quite void of genuine mirth.

"No, indeed," said Nick. "Is there anything you can tell me about Madame Celeste, that might shed light on the mystery?"

"Surely not. I know nothing about her."

"Have you ever seen a man, or men, going to her room?"

"No. Really, Mr. Carter, I can tell you nothing about her," Gagnon more gravely asserted. "Can you not find

any trace of her? Have you any theory concerning her absence?"

"I am inclined to think she has been abducted," said Nick evasively. "She is known to have been in her rooms until after midnight. If my impression is correct, it would have been difficult for her abductors to remove her from the building after that hour, Villard's restaurant being open, and there being only one rear door which is not easily accessible. I am seeking evidence that she was removed by some other way. You will not object, I suppose, if I examine your windows."

"Why, certainly not," Gagnon exclaimed, rising. "Command me, by all means, if I can assist you in any way. But my windows are forty feet from the ground. How could they have been used?"

"By means of a rope, perhaps."

Nick had opened one of the windows and was looking out. It was in the rear elevation of the building, overlooking a narrow alley leading to the side street. Ten feet away, much too far to have been available, were the side wall and windows of a dwelling fronting on the side street.

Looking down, Nick could discover nothing of consequence in the unpaved alley, no visible footprints leading toward the solid wooden gate closing it from the street. Nor could he find on the sill, or stone outside, any evidence that a rope had been used, or anything else by which Madame Celeste could have been taken away. The same was true of the other window, which he also examined, and he already had made sure that she was not concealed in the room.

"That's all, Mr. Gagnon," he said, closing the window. "I am much obliged to you."

"Not at all, Mr. Carter." Gagnon smiled, and rubbed his hands. "I think it would have been quite impossible for intruders to have entered my room without leaving evidence of some kind."

"You are right, no doubt."

"Here is my card," said Gagnon. "If Madame Celeste fails to return and the case proves difficult for you, I would be glad at any time to have you call on me for aid."

"Thank you," said Nick, putting the card in his pocket. "I will bear it in mind, Mr. Gagnon. Good morning!"

Nick found the corridor deserted, and he at once headed for the stairs.

"Strange, very strange," he was saying to himself. "I don't often forget a face and where I have seen it. I can almost swear I have met that man before, for all he made it so plain that he did not recognize me. He may, perhaps, have had an object in doing so, possibly apprehending that I should recall him. I'll have a look through my album a little later."

In the corridor on the second floor Nick found the man he was seeking—Tim Reddy, the janitor.

"I wish to go to the basement, Mr. Reddy," said Nick. "Show me the way."

"Yis, sor," Reddy said eagerly. "Will you walk, sor, or take the illivator down a flure?"

"The walking's good," Nick replied.

The way led down the stairs and through the lower corridor to the rear of the building. There the janitor unlocked a door opening upon a narrow, inclosed stairway leading into a back cellar. It was as dark as a pocket, and not until Reddy opened a lower door leading into the alley mentioned could Nick much more than carefully feel his way.

"Who else has keys to these doors, Reddy?" he asked.

"No wan, sor, only the owner of the building."

"Are there any new tenants in the building?"

"Faith, sor, not very new," said Reddy, thoughtfully rubbing his chin. "Mr. Gagnon was the last to come in, sor, and he's been here close on six months."

"Ever seen him, or any other men, much in company with Madame Celeste?"

"Sure, I have not, sor," Reddy quickly protested. "The madame is a foine, illigant little woman—none better, sor. I'd not rest nights, on my word, if anything bad has happened to her."

Nick believed him, and saw that there was very little he could impart. Stepping into the unpaved alley, he began a closer inspection of the ground, looking for recently made footprints in the damp clay soil. He could find none that had not been partly obliterated by the last rain, several nights before, showing conclusively that no persons were there the previous night.

"How about that gate, Reddy?" Nick asked, glancing toward the alley exit. "Is it locked?"

"It is, sor. I have the kay."

It was some thirty feet from the basement door, where Reddy still was standing, not having followed the detective into the alley. Eight feet above the ground were the windows of the restaurant and the near dwelling. Those of the latter were protected with blinds, then closed and fastened. Only those of the upper windows were open.

"Who lives here, Reddy?" inquired Nick, glancing up at the high brick wall of the house.

"A family named Raymond, sor, Mr. James Raymond. He's a lawyer."

Nick knew the lawyer quite well, and also knew him to be a man of sterling integrity.

The inner end of the alley brought up against the blank side wall of another building fronting on the avenue. Further progress in that direction was impossible. Nevertheless, when about to turn and rejoin the janitor, the detective made a discovery in that direction.

About ten feet beyond the basement door, something on the ground glittered perceptibly. Not inclined to have Reddy become too wise, lest his tongue might get the better of his judgment, Nick sauntered indifferently toward the glittering object, then stooped and glanced sharply at it, and then picked it up.

It was a cambric needle, sticking straight up in the clay, and through it was threaded about six inches of fine white silk.

## CHAPTER IV.

### BY CLEVER SUBTERFUGE.

Nick Carter rejoined Chick and Patsy in Vandyke's private office. Vandyke was at his desk, quietly dictating a letter to his stenographer—a girl so striking that Nick took a second look at her.

She glanced at Nick when he entered, and, having taken the last of Vandyke's dictation, she turned toward a chair and table in one corner, where her typewriter was standing.

"You may defer transcribing it, Miss Vane," said Vandyke. "Wait in the outer office while I am talking with these gentlemen."

Miss Vane bowed, smiling faintly, and withdrew. The door was open, and she did not close it when she went out.

"You have a very attractive stenographer, Vandyke. Who is she?" said Nick.

"Her name is Clara Vane. She is a good girl, as well as very capable, and she has been here several months, so I know what I'm talking about. What have you discovered? Have you found any trace of Madame Celeste?"

Nick shook his head, not then inclined to discuss his suspicions. He turned to Chick and Patsy, instead, and asked what they had discovered. Both made a negative report.

"I am convinced, Vandyke, that she is not in the building," said Nick, after hearing them. "Just how she went, or was taken out, and where she now is, can be learned only by looking deeper into the case and——"

Nick was interrupted by a knock on the corridor door. It then was opened hurriedly, and Nora Kelly, flushed with excitement and relief, stepped into the room.

"It's all right, Mr. Vandyke," she cried. "We have heard from her. I hastened to let you know, sir, so that the investigation might be stopped. She has just telephoned from Fordham. She's at the house of a friend, and is going to remain there until Monday morning.

"Her friend, who had been to a theater with her brother and taken a late lunch, saw a light in the workroom while passing in their automobile," Miss Kelly glibly went on. "She stopped and came up, expecting to find Madame Celeste, whom she persuaded to go home with her for a short visit. Madame slept late this morning, she said, or she would have notified us earlier. She gave me a few directions about the dress she had finished, and said she would be here Monday morning, as usual. I was so relieved to hear from her!"

"Yes, yes, of course," interposed Vandyke. "Did you recognize her voice?"

"Oh, yes, perfectly."

"Did she explain why her outside garments are here, and why——"

"Yes, indeed, sir," Nora interrupted. "I asked all about it. She wore a cape and hat which her friend had in the car, which were more suitable than her hat and jacket. She left in a great hurry, she said, and upset her chair and the wire model after putting out the light.

"I told her we had found some spots of blood on the floor, which alarmed us, but she explained that she pricked her finger with a needle, causing it to bleed considerably. She was surprised when I told her we found the workroom door unlocked, and she said she must have neglected to lock it, in her haste. It's all right, anyway, and I thought I'd let you know."

"Thank you. I'm very glad to hear it," said Vandyke, as the girl withdrew. Then he turned to Nick and burst out laughing, though with manifest chagrin and embarrassment.

"Well, I've put you to a deal of needless trouble, Carter," he said regretfully. "I hope you'll pardon me, I'm sure. Send in your bill, at all events, and I will cheerfully pay it."

Nick heard what he was saying—and something more. From a near point in the outer office, the faint rustle of skirts had reached his ears. He replied carelessly, however, though a little louder than really was necessary:

"There will not be any bill, Vandyke. You are very welcome to what little I have done, and I am glad as glad can be to have been of service to you. I want you to know that no harm has befallen Madame Celeste."

"Well, well, that's very kind, Carter, on my word!"

"No harm done, I assure you," added Nick, rising. "We'll drop the matter now and go about other business."

Nick had drawn nearer the open door while speaking, and merely glanced into the adjoining office. At a tall desk, scarce three feet from the door, apparently absorbed in a file of letters—stood the banker's handsome stenographer.

There was a look of disgust on Chick's face and a covert grin on that of Patsy Garvan, when the three detectives returned to their waiting automobile. Neither made any comments, however, until they were seated and on their way home, when Chick abruptly exclaimed:

"Well, I'll be hanged, Nick, if that wasn't a first-class fiasco."

"Gee! I should say so," chuckled Patsy.

Nick did not reply, nor even speak during the homeward ride. He sat in grim consideration of the case, with his brows knit, his lips pursed, his gazed fixed on the toe of his boot. Not until he had entered his business office, where he quickly threw off his coat, did he come out of his abstraction. Then he said abruptly:

"Select a disguise or two, Patsy. We'll set to work on this case."

"This case!" exclaimed Patsy, gazing. "It isn't ended, then?"

"Hardly begun," said Nick tersely. "Our mission this morning was not a fiasco; very far from it. The case may prove as difficult a one as we have recently tackled."

"Great Scott!" said Chick, drawing up in his chair. "You must have discovered something that you've been keeping to yourself. Why did you keep it from Vandyke and pretend to drop the case?"

"I was taking no chances."

"You suspect him?"

"No. His stenographer."

"The dickens! For what reason?"

"When Nora Kelly was stating what Madame Celeste had telephoned," Nick explained, "I heard skirts rustling near the office door. I felt sure that some one was listening. When I arose to go, I discovered Clara Vane within three feet of the door. She was pretending to examine a letter file, but that cut no ice with me. She was playing the eavesdropper."

"But with what object?" questioned Chick. "She could easily have learned from Vandyke what Nora Kelly imparted."

"That isn't what she wanted to learn. She was there to find out whether I would swallow the telephone message and drop the case, or express any incredulity, and my reasons for it. She would not have risked being seen and suspected of playing the spy, unless she had a much stronger motive than mere curiosity," Nick shrewdly reasoned. "Take my word for it, Chick, she knows what has befallen Madame Celeste, and who is responsible for it. I wanted her to think I had dropped the case, as well as any confederates she may have."

"But the telephone message?" said Chick, puzzled.

"That was a blind, pure and simple, designed to dispel the anxiety of Madame Celeste's friends, and to cause us to drop the case."

"But Madame Celeste's voice—Nora Kelly was positive that she recognized it."

"So she did," said Nick. "It was Madame Celeste who

telephoned. I'll wager, however, that she was compelled to do so by the rascals who have her in custody."

"By Jove! you certainly are throwing a limelight on the case," said Chick, almost convinced. "You still think, then, that Madame Celeste was abducted."

"I know that she was. Have a look at this."

"A needle threaded with a piece of white silk."

"Exactly," said Nick. "It's the needle Madame Celeste was using when she finished her work on the white satin dress."

"Where did you find it?"

"In the alley back of the building."

"The devil you say!" Chick exclaimed. "That indicates that Madame Celeste was out there. I'm blessed if I can fathom, however, why she hung onto the needle."

"You've got the cart before the horse," said Nick, laughing. "She didn't hang onto the needle, Chick; the needle hung onto her."

"Explain. I don't get you."

"The explanation is very simple," Nick proceeded. "Madame Celeste must have dropped the needle and did not attempt to find it, or succeed in doing so. It probably stuck in her skirt, in a ruffle, perhaps. At all events, it remained there while she was lying down, also during the encounter with her assailants, and it was not displaced until they forced her through one of the back windows on the third floor."

"Great guns! How did you get wise to it? What evidence of it do you find?"

"Only this needle," said Nick. "It was sticking straight up in the ground, which is of clay and quite compact. I noticed, moreover, that fully one-third of the needle had entered the clay, plainly showing that it had fallen from a considerable height. If merely dropped from the skirt of a woman standing on the ground, hardly more than the point of it would have been embedded in the clay. Gravity had got in its work good and strong, Chick, for something like forty feet," Nick added. "This bit of silk trailing behind kept the eye of the needle up and the point downward, which accounts for its sticking straight up in the ground."

"By Jove, that's fine figuring!" said Chick.

"But how did they get away with the woman?" Chick continued to question. "It's not reasonable to suppose they have wings."

"There are two ways by which it might have been done," Nick replied. "If provided with a ladder, or a stout plank, even, the rascals could have taken her from the window and carried her across the alley to the brick house in the rear. The windows are nearly on a level, and the distance is less than ten feet. They did not go that way, however. Because the house is owned and occupied by James Redmond, the lawyer, and his family. I know positively that he is above doing anything wrong, or conniving at anything crooked.

"The only other course, Chick, is by the way of the roof," continued Nick. "That may be reached from the roofs of other houses abutting on the same avenue. Assuming that I am right, confederates of her assailant may by means of a rope have raised the woman to the roof and got away with her."

"By Jove! that may have been possible, after all," Chick admitted.

"We will not try to trace them that way, however, for the reasons mentioned, and because a much better method now appeals to me—that of placing Clara Vane under constant espionage," Nick added. "Before long, I'll wager, we can catch her in company with the rascals who have turned this trick. Therefore, Patsy, you may begin the work at once, and stick to it until one of us relieves you. You may, too, if it comes right, keep an eye on Julian Gagnon, the hosiery agent on the same floor with Madame Celeste. Though there seems to be no evidence against him, I don't like his looks."

## CHAPTER V.

### PATSY ON THE TRAIL.

It was on Friday night that Madame Celeste disappeared so mysteriously. Saturday being a short day in the banking business, Patsy Garvan knew that he had no time to lose in returning to the Trinity Chambers, if he was to pick up Clara Vane when she left Vandyke's office for the day. It was half past twelve when he arrived in that locality, approaching through the side street adjoining the building.

Incidentally, while passing, he took a look at the Raymond residence, recalling what Nick had said about it, and the sterling character of its occupant. It was the first house of a handsome brick block, counting from the avenue, and it certainly was not one to invite suspicion. Most of the curtains were drawn, the basement blinds closed, and Patsy was chiefly impressed with its aspect of reserve and gentility.

Half a minute later, while mounting the steps which led into the building, he discovered that he arrived in the nick of time. Clara Vane, in stylish outside garments, was just leaving the elevator and heading for the street.

At the same moment, a man stepped out of Villard's restaurant, where he had been leaning on a cigar case near the door for some little time, talking with one of the clerks.

"Gee! there's Gagnon, now," flashed through Patsy's mind. "Has he been waiting for her?"

Carefully disguised, Patsy did not fear recognition, even if noticed, and he continued up the steps and into the building. They met near the base of the stairs—all three.

Patsy kept right on without so much as a glance at the couple, nor they at him. Nevertheless, he heard the girl say quickly, with unmistakable significance:

"Not now, Julian. See me in Rohan's at three."

Then she was gone, tripping quickly down the steps and heading north.

Gagnon did not reply, nor even pause. He moved away without a backward glance, and approached the elevator.

Patsy Garvan turned on the stairs, darted down, and out of the building. His quarry was scarce thirty yards away.

Patsy found it perfectly easy to shadow the girl, who evidently had no misgivings. He followed her to a reputable boarding house in Madison Avenue, where she let herself in with a key, indicating plainly enough that she resided there.

Knowing that she had a later appointment, Patsy sauntered into a drug store on a corner nearly opposite, from which he could easily watch the house. Entering into conversation with the clerk at a soda fountain near the window, he bought a drink and some cigars.

"How long have you been working here?" inquired Patsy.

"Two years, going on three. My name is Cady. I don't recall seeing you in here before."

"No. This is my first visit. I'm on a still hunt."

"I don't tumble. A still hunt for what?"

"A symphony in blue and white," grinned Patsy, deciding that Cady was to be safely trusted. "She lives across the street."

"Ah, I'm wise now," nodded the clerk. "You must mean Clara Vane. I saw here going in just now. She's a peach, all right."

"Are you acquainted with her?"

"Well, I occasionally sell her an ice-cream soda, if you call that being acquainted with her," said Cady, laughing again.

"Does she have many men friends?" asked Patsy.

"I've seen only two in company with her—one at a time, of course."

"Know them?" asked Patsy tersely.

"No." Cady shook his head. "One is a well-built man of forty, with dark hair and a pointed beard. He wears glasses and looks like a foreigner."

"Gagnon," thought Patsy.

"The other is about the same size," Cady went on, impelled by Patsy's manifest interest. "He came in here with her one evening, and I had a good look at him. He's a younger man, smooth-shaved, with thin features, and eyes as sharp as needles."

"You didn't hear his name mentioned, did you?"

"No. He doesn't show up very often. I haven't seen him for nearly a month."

Patsy lingered in the drug store a while longer, and he then sauntered out and around the corner, still keeping an eye on the opposite house.

At half past two Clara Vane again put in an appearance. She came out in an entire change of costume—a plain dark dress and jacket, both a little rusty from wear, a modest felt hat, and a black parasol.

As before, Patsy took up the trail and proceeded to follow the girl. She had covered less than a block when, stopping for a moment, she drew a black veil from her pocket and quickly adjusted it over her hat and face. She then hurried on, taking a Third Avenue elevated train.

Clara Vane rode north two stations, then walked rapidly over to the East Side, where, in one of the lower streets running down to the water front she entered the side door of an inferior saloon, over which was a lodging house.

"Jake Rohan's place," thought Patsy. "I wouldn't have suspected her of coming here. It's said to be the resort of some of the slickest crooks out of jail. She's gone into a room back of the saloon. By Jove, I can't take chances by following her. I can only wait and see what comes off."

After passing the side door mentioned, Patsy had walked to the corner on which the building fronted, and resumed his vigil. Scarce ten minutes had passed when Clara emerged from the same door, adjusting her veil and pausing for a moment to speak to a man inside, whom Patsy could not see. He heard the girl say, however:

"Send him at five o'clock sharp; I'll have everything ready."

"He'll be there promptly, Cad, never fear."

"Gagnon's voice," thought Patsy. "That's a cinch."

"What time will you join us to-night?" the man added.

"Not until well after dark," replied Clara, turning to go. "I'll show up about nine o'clock. There'll be nothing doing earlier."

Patsy heard the door closed, as the girl quickly moved away, and he once more took up the trail. It led him back to the Madison Avenue house, which Clara again entered, whipping off her veil before turning the corner.

"After four," thought Patsy, glancing at his watch. "Somebody coming at five, eh? I'll wait for him and see what the everything is that she's going to have ready."

Promptly at five o'clock an old wagon with no name on it was driven up to the house, drawn by a decrepid old white horse, in a harness much the worse for wear.

On the wagon seat was a round-shouldered man of fifty, with a weasened, prematurely wrinkled face and a stubby pug nose. He wore overalls, a blue woolen shirt and a soiled cap.

Clara Vane came down to the door and let him into the house.

"She'll not go with him, by Jove! and I cannot shadow both of them," thought Patsy, after stealthily watching them. "I'll do the next best. I'll take a chance of winning out by playing a lone hand—but at the same time I'll chuck out an anchor to the windward."

Taking a small black case from his pocket, Patsy stepped into a near doorway and waited.

Soon the old man came out of the house, bringing on his back a large trunk, which he dumped into the wagon.

Clara Vane, watching him from the window, was putting on her veil again.

As the man drove away with the trunk, a single faint click sounded from the doorway concealing Patsy Garvan. Half a minute later he entered the drug store and again accosted the clerk, at the same time handing him what appeared to be a small slip of figured paper.

"Say, Cady, do me a favor, will you?" he said hurriedly. "Dip this into a solution of alcohol and formaldehyde, and then dry it as quickly as possible near a lamp. It will take you about three minutes."

"Sure thing," Cady readily consented. "What's the racket?"

"Don't ask," Patsy replied significantly. "Just do what I have directed, old chap, and say never a word about it, nor about me. I'll make it worth your while."

Patsy waited, still watching the house, at the same time addressing a stamped envelope which he had among numerous other articles in his pocket. While he was doing this, Clara Vane again came out of the house and headed up the avenue.

"Get a move on, Cady," cried Patsy. "Hurry up!"

Cady came rushing from a back room, his work accomplished.

Patsy seized it, and flew out of the store—again taking up the trail. It presently led him by a letter box, and he paused long enough to drop—his anchor to windward.

## CHAPTER VI.

### CAUGHT IN A CORNER.

Patsy Garvan was a little puzzled, at first, by the movements of Clara Vane. She boarded an elevated train and rode to Harlem, and Patsy decided that she was going to some place to which her trunk had been sent.

Instead, closely veiled all the while, the girl immediately took a south-bound train and rode to the Battery,

where she again transferred to a train going north. The truth then dawned upon Patsy.

"Killing time—that's what she's doing," he said to himself. "She is waiting for nine o'clock and using these trains for a waiting station, having no safer place in which to avoid being seen and recognized. It makes easy sledding for me, all right, though it indicates that she has some serious cause for caution and that wicked work of some kind has been laid out. It may be, by Jove! that the rascals now intend to kill Madame Celeste and get rid of her body."

Naturally, of course, Patsy sized up the case as one in which only the handsome French dressmaker was the victim, and that his task consisted only of bringing about her rescue and the arrest of her abductors.

That there was anything more to the case, that the designs of the crooks were of far greater magnitude, and the abductiion of Madame Celeste only incidental, in reality, did not enter Patsy's head.

It was nearly nine o'clock when his quarry finally left the train and hastened to keep the appointment he had heard her make. Up to that time he had had no idea concerning her destination, and he felt some little surprise when, upon reaching the street, Clara Vane hastened in the direction of the Trinity Chambers.

Instead of turning the corner when she approached the building, Clara suddenly slowed down, glanced sharply around for a moment, while Patsy quickly slipped into a near doorway on the opposite side of the street, and then she quickly mounted the steps and rang the bell of —the Raymond residence.

The door was opened almost immediately, and the girl vanished into the house.

"Holy smoke!" thought Patsy, surprised. "Has the chief cast a shoe? Is Raymond, the lawyer, mixed up in this case, with Gagnon and that girl for confederates? Gee! things surely are taking a curious turn."

Patsy was unable to see who had admitted the girl. There was no light in the hall, no light visible in any part of the house. It would not have looked more grim and gloomy if entirely unoccupied.

"By Jove, I'll find out what it means. There must be a light in some part of the house. They are not groping there in the dark. It now is ten to one, by thunder! that Madame Celeste was lugged into that house, and that Raymond is in the game, despite that the chief didn't think so."

Though reasonably sure that he had not been seen, Patsy took the precaution to slip out of the doorway and walk nearly a block east. Then he crossed the street and returned on the opposite side.

Passing the gate leading into the alley, he then stole back to it and found it locked. It was about six feet high, and instead of attempting to unlock it, Patsy scrambled over it and dropped noiselessly into the alley.

It was even darker between the lofty buildings. Glancing up, he could discover no sign of light from any of the side windows. The rear rooms in the Trinity Chambers also were in darkness, evidently deserted.

Picking his way farther into the alley, Patsy passed the basement door already mentioned, and came to a high brick wall flanking a small yard back of the Raymond dwelling. Again looking up, he could discover no light in any of the rear rooms.

"Gee! it's mighty strange," he said to himself. "I'll tackle the cellar, or the basement kitchen, if there is one. I'll be hanged if I don't get next to something definite before I quit."

There was a strong wooden gate in the wall, with a row of sharp nails pointing upward across the top of it. Much to his satisfaction, upon quietly raising the latch, however, Patsy found that the gate was neither locked nor bolted. He waited only briefly, therefore, hearing nothing, and then he opened the gate and stole into the yard—and his satisfaction was nipped in the bud.

As if out of the earth itself, two figures arose in the gloom, two men who had been crouching close against the wall. One clapped a revolver to Patsy's head. The other thrust the point of a long knife against his breast, saying quickly, while each seized one of the startled detective's arms:

"Keep quiet, kid, and stand still! If you move or yip, you'll be a dead one!"

"Gee, I'll take your word for it!" Patsy muttered. "Don't make it any stronger."

"Close your trap, or you'll never open it again," came the threatening response. "Get his gun, Pug, and slip it to me. Then bolt the gate while I keep him covered."

"Here's a pair of bracelets," whispered the other, feeling under Patsy's coat.

"That does settle it, just as I thought. Fasten them on his wrists."

"Now bolt the gate, Pug, and we'll run him into the house," commanded the first speaker, seizing the revolver which the other had taken from Patsy's pocket.

One of the men Patsy recognized as the one who had taken Clara's trunk. The other was a larger man, broad and muscular, with dark features and a full beard, as desperate-looking a man as one would imagine.

The gate having been bolted, the two ruffians forced Patsy into a back door of the house, locking it after them, and then led him through a dark basement entry and up a narrow flight of stairs.

A thread of light on the sill of a closed door then could be seen. Thither the two miscreants shoved him, one of them presently opening the door, and Patsy then realized for the first time that the gang and the game he was up against had been greatly and most seriously underestimated.

The room, a handsomely furnished library in the middle of the house, was brightly lighted. The two windows overlooking the alley, however, were covered with a triple thickness of blankets, preventing the escape of a single ray of light. Ominous of knavery though they were, these features of the scene made little impression upon Patsy Garvan, in comparison with his feelings when he beheld the other occupants of the room—or particularly one of them.

Clara Vane, divested of her street garments and with a sinister smile in her dark, handsome eyes, occupied an easy-chair in one corner. Near her was seated a thickset, powerful man in the fifties, whom Patsy immediately recognized as one of the most daring and skillful cracksmen in the country, one Tom Doran, a crook with a world-wide reputation.

In a chair near the table, however, sat the man who chiefly interested Patsy Garvan. There was no mistaking him—his lithe, athletic figure, his smoothly shaved, clean-cut face, his keen, searching eyes and thin lips, his square jaw and pointed chin, a face as hard and cruelly determined as one could well imagine. He was Mortimer Currie!

Patsy knew that Mortimer Currie would not be wasting his time, talents, and energy on a job involving only the abduction of a woman. He knew, too, that Currie never played second fiddle to any man, and that he not only must have planned the job, but also was the leader of the gang engaged in executing it.

"You've got him, then, boys," said Currie. "Give him that chair, and close the door. Do you know him, Sacklift?"

"Not from a side of leather," said the brawny man, who had had a hand in the capture.

"Holy smoke!" thought Patsy, with a sharper look at Currie. "If that isn't Gagnon's voice, too, I don't want a cent. By thunder, this crafty rascal and that smooth hosiery agent are one and the same. Gee! no wonder the chief thought he had seen Gagnon before."

While these thoughts flashed through Patsy's mind, Currie had continued to scrutinize him more sharply, and at length asked of the pug-nosed man also:

"Do you know him, Magee?"

"Faith, I don't."

"Give his hair and that mustache a tug," suggested Doran, drawing up in his chair. "See whether they're his, or—— Ah, that does settle it!"

A quick twitch by his two captors while the cracksman was speaking had robbed Patsy of his disguise, and Currie instantly recognized him.

"Oh, ho!" he cried coldly. "Young Garvan, eh? One of Nick Carter's kennel. I might have known it, hang him, after my——"

"Finish it, Currie," Patsy said bluntly, when this master crook hesitated. "After your encounter with him this morning—that's what you were going to say. You got by then, all right, but you haven't got by me. I'm wise to the double game you've been playing. You and Gagnon are one and the same."

"Much good it will do you, Garvan, to know that," cried Currie, laughing derisively.

"Mebbe so—but you'll have to show me."

"You'll see, all right!" Currie confidently declared. "You'll have good cause to remember the Currie outfit this time, take my word for it."

"It strikes me, Mortie, that you'd better find out how he run us to cover, instead of locking horns with him in that fashion," said Doran, after listening briefly to their verbal fencing. "Old Nick himself may have a line on us."

"Not yet, Tom, or this whelp wouldn't have been prowling around here alone," Currie quickly responded. "We should have had a swarm about our ears by this time. I am perfectly familiar with Carter's method. Something must have led him to suspect Cad, and he evidently put this rat-eyed ferret on her track. He has done no more than trail her to this house, however, and get himself into hot water. If he had accomplished anything more, he would not have been nosing nearer to discover what's doing. We're secure enough for the present."

"I reckon you're right, after all," Doran allowed. "Two will bother us no more than one, as far as that goes."

"Sure not," growled Sacklift contemptuously. "There's no more to fear at this stage of the game."

"As for getting any information from Garvan, that's tommyrot," Currie added. "I know from experience. He'll turn as dumb as an oyster. I'm going to waste neither breath nor time on him. Get a rope, Pug, and bind his arms so he cannot wriggle out of those handcuffs."

"I'll fix him, Mortie," said Magee, with a grin. "You leave that to me."

"Tie him to the chair," Currie further directed. "Then put him in the closet and lock the door. Clara can remain here and watch him while we get in our work."

Patsy had no alternative. He submitted without a protest, even, and presently found himself in the gloom of a small, stuffy closet, with the door closed and locked, and the silence revealed only by the muffled voices and occasional movements of the gang into whose hands he had fallen.

Later in the night these sounds died away to silence. Others from remote parts of the house soon reached his ears. They were faint, intermittent, indistinguishable, however, and he could make nothing of them.

In the meantime, alone in the library, with ears alert for any sound from the closet, Clara Vane maintained her weary vigil, with her moody gaze fixed on the closet door—or on the revolver lying within instant reach on the table.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE GANG AND THE GAME.

The night passed, the Sabbath came and went, and Monday morning brought no sign of Patsy Garvan, no word in explanation of his prolonged absence.

Eight o'clock found Nick Carter and Chick at breakfast, both grave with increasing misgivings.

"He's in wrong, Nick, that's dead open and shut," Chick was saying. "It's up to us to find when, where, and how, and into whose hands he has fallen. We have learned that Clara Vane left her boarding house Saturday afternoon, but the landlady knows nothing about her subsequent movements. Patsy must have followed her and——"

"And that's the wind-up along that line," Nick put in. "You've got to the end of your rope. We know, too, that Gagnon has quit his quarters in the Cressy House and gone—well, who can say where? Nobody knows, as far as I have been able to learn."

"There's a very good reason for it!" Chick slipped in grimly.

"It's odds, however, under the circumstances, that he and Clara Vane skipped out in company. It may be that Patsy still is on their track and not yet able to communicate with us. If the morning mail brings nothing from him, we will at once set about——"

Nick was interrupted by the hurried entrance of Joseph, his manservant.

"You're wanted on the office phone, Mr. Carter," he announced. "I didn't quite get the speaker's name, sir, but I think it was Vandyke."

"Yes, yes, quite likely," cried Nick, starting up. "It's barely possible that he has heard from Patsy."

Followed by Chick, he hastened to his business office and caught up the telephone from his desk.

"That you, Nick?" quickly came the question. "I'm Percy Vandyke; I'm phoning from my residence. I've just heard from one of my clerks, Dayton, who opens my banking offices each morning. He has just got there, and found that the safe has been robbed, cleaned out of every dollar, every bond, and security, together with

jewels belonging to my cousin, Mrs. Morgan Sturtevant, valued at eighty thousand dollars. Go up there at once, will you? I'll be there when you arrive."

"You'll move lively, then," Nick cried pointedly. "I'll be there in ten minutes."

A flood of light was shed upon the case by Vandyke's startling disclosure. The abduction of Madame Celeste took on an entirely new significance, one which Nick Carter was quick to appreciate and act upon. He rang a hurry-up call for his motor car, and scarce five minutes had passed when he sped away with Chick to the scene of the burglary.

Percy Vandyke, however, proved as good as his word. He was the first person to meet the two detectives when they hurriedly entered his banking quarters. These consisted of three rooms, as already stated—a private office overlooking the avenue; a middle room for the use of his customers, and a rear room occupied by the desks of his several clerks, and by two large steel safes built into one of the walls.

It was in the last of these, together with Dayton and two other clerks, that Vandyke received the detectives, and one glance at the scene told Nick how complete a clean-up the burglars had made, and how skillfully the knavish work had been done.

The heavy outer doors of both safes were wide open. The interior doors had been drilled completely around the locks, which had been literally demolished, and both vaults looted of their valuables.

"Have a look at this mess," Vandyke cried, as they entered. "If I haven't been done brown, Nick, no man ever was."

"How came Mrs. Sturtevant's jewels to be here?" Nick inquired.

"They have been here for months," said Vandyke. "Since the robbery of her Fifth Avenue house."

"How much money was here?"

"About thirty thousand dollars in cash and about sixty thousand in bonds and securities."

"Quick work, then, is imperative," Nick said gravely. "Both of these safes, Vandyke, were opened by means of the combination. Who knows them?"

"Only Gibson, the bookkeeper, and myself. I have telephoned to him, and he will presently be here. He is perfectly trustworthy, Nick," Vandyke earnestly added. "Don't waste any time in suspecting Gibson."

"Some one else, then, has discovered both combinations and is in league with the crooks," Nick said decidedly. "Are the combination numbers on record anywhere?"

"Why, yes, I have them noted on a card in my desk. There is nothing indicating to what they refer, however, and——"

"Nonsense!" Nick said, interrupting. "Let a crook alone to know to what such a series of numbers refer."

"But no one has access to my desk——"

"Except your stenographer," Nick again interrupted, a bit curtly.

"Miss Vane?" questioned Vandyke, startled. "But who would suspect her?"

"I would—and do!"

"Nonsense! She——"

"She, Vandyke, and no one else, was the traitor in the camp," Nick forcibly insisted. "She searched your desk until she found what she wanted, and it's a thousand to one that she obtained employment with you only to learn, by some hook or crook, the combination of each safe. You made it easier, even, than she anticipated. Who is she? Where did she come from? What do you really know about her?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I know very little about her," Vandyke admitted, after listening with dismay to Nick's forcible remarks. "She applied for the position, and brought a letter of introduction from Colonel Thorpe, of the United Trust Company, by whom she once had been employed, and——"

"A forgery, take my word for it!"

"Impossible! Because, at her suggestion, Nick, I telephoned to Colonel Thorpe at the time and asked him about her character, her ability, and——"

"And if you had seen the man who answered you, Vandyke, you would have seen, not Colonel Thorpe, but the girl's confederate, with whom the whole scheme had been planned," Nick again interrupted. "I'll wager, Vandyke, that she gave you the telephone number, to save you the trouble of looking it up."

"That's true, Nick, I'll admit. I remember the circumstance distinctly."

"And you called up only a telephone at which her confederate was waiting," Nick further pointed out. "Colonel Thorpe never heard of the girl. She tricked you with her smooth story and pretty face, and she and the crooks with whom she is in league have been waiting only for the best time for turning this knavish trick. Your safe, I'll also wager, contained more than the usual amount of cash and securities."

"That is true, also, owing to the state of the market and heavy liquidation over the holiday."

"Exactly," said Nick. "The time was ripe for the job. Advantage was taken of the Sabbath, that a whole day should elapse before the crime should be discovered. It's plain enough, now, why Madame Celeste telephoned, or was forced to telephone, that she would be absent until Monday morning only."

"Madame Celeste!" exclaimed Vandyke. "You mean that——"

"I mean that her abduction was only incidental to this job," Nick interrupted. "It's not reasonable to suppose her in league with the crooks. For some reason, however, they undertook to make a preliminary visit to these offices on Friday night, not knowing that Madame Celeste was in her rooms. As I have been led to suspect, they came through an upper window, and Madame Celeste must have heard them in the corridor and came out to investigate. She saw them, and suspected their designs, which made it necessary for them to seize her and get away with her until the robbery could be committed."

"But——"

"There aren't any buts, Vandyke," Nick insisted. "There's nothing else to it. That hosiery agent on the top floor is one of the gang, and already has skipped with your stenographer. Run up to his room, Chick, and see what you can find. Use a picklock, in case the door is fastened."

"Trust me for that!" cried Chick, hastening out of the office.

"Good heavens, Nick, I'm dumfounded," said Vandyke, utterly staggered by the detective's lightninglike chain of deductions. "What hope is there of tracking the rascals, if they have so long a start and——"

"Don't talk of hopes, Vandyke, until I have sized up all of the evidence," Nick interposed impatiently, while he made a hurried examination in one of the safes. "Both vaults were opened, as I have stated, by means of the combination. These inner doors were skillfully drilled—yes, with power drills, too!"

"Power drills?"

"As sure as fate," Nick declared, hastening to examine an oily mark extending across the floor in the direction of one of the windows.

"But where could they get the power to run a drill?" Vandyke demanded.

"Electric power," said Nick. "The rascals tapped a wire running over the roof, either of this building, or the house back of it, and brought the wire through this window. Here's an oily mark left on the sill and along the floor when they withdrew it. If I were not dead sure of the man living in that house to the rear, I should suspect that——"

"You mean Raymond, the lawyer?"

"Yes, of course. He lives there, doesn't he?"

"Certainly, when he's at home," said Vandyke.

"Home! What do you mean?"

"I mean that he's away for a time. He's in Europe with his family. The house has been closed for a month."

"Closed!" Nick swung round like a flash. "Why didn't Reddy tell me that when I questioned him?"

"You think——"

"Don't ask what I think!" Nick cried. "Wait until I return. Wait here, all of you, and keep away from these windows. Let no one in that house, if any one still is there, catch sight of you. I'll return in a few minutes."

Nick did not wait for an answer, but hastened out of the office and toward the corridor stairs. He met Chick on the way, just returning from Gagnon's sample room. The latter started to report.

"Never mind that!" Nick interrupted. "Come with me to that rear house. Raymond is in Europe with his family. The house is supposed to be unoccupied," Nick explained, as they hurried down the stairs to the street.

"The devil you say!" Chick muttered, quick to appreciate the possibilities presented.

"Quiet!" Nick cautioned. "We'll enter stealthily. I'll open the door with a picklock. Have a gun ready in case of need."

The two detectives had, while speaking, arrived at the front door of the Raymond residence, and were quietly mounting the steps.

Noiselessly, with deft fingers, Nick slipped into the latch lock the useful little implement mentioned, and, with a quick turn of both latch and knob, he opened the door.

Bent upon entering and closing it as quickly and quietly as possible, Nick instantly stepped into the hall, with Chick at his heels—and then both recoiled for a moment, as the door closed and latched.

On the stairs, which ran straight up from the front hall, was a crouching figure—that of a man who, when the detectives entered, evidently was just about descending to leave the house. He was only two steps from the top, however, and like a flash he leaped back to the landing on the second floor, where he dropped behind the curve of the baluster rail for protection, and over which he quickly thrust a revolver and shouted:

"Hold on, you fellers! Don't move! If you do, I'll plug you quicker than chain lightning."

The man discovered on the stairs was—Mortimer Currie.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A SLIPPERY KNAVE.

If Nick felt any surprise, or Chick any misgivings, neither betrayed it. Both were effectually covered by the revolver thrust over the baluster rail. Both saw the deadly gleam in the eye looking over the fate-filled weapon. Both stood motionless and for an instant silent.

In that one instant, however, with a quick side glance at Chick, Nick discovered one fact—that Chick, who had shifted his revolver to a side pocket of his loose sack coat, into which his right hand was thrust when he entered, was stealthily aiming the weapon at Currie without the risk of drawing it from the pocket, and was gradually bringing it to bear upon him through the cloth.

Without turning his head, without moving his lips, even, Nick quickly whispered, too low to reach Currie's ears:

"Wait!"

Gazing up at the crouching man, Nick then said sternly:

"Take a tip from me, Currie, and drop that gun."

Currie laughed derisively.

"Oh, it's you, Carter!" he cried. "I wondered at your knowing me. I'm glad to meet you again—under the circumstances."

"Having met you, then, you had better take my advice and give yourself up," said Nick. "It will save you some trouble."

"Trouble, eh?" Currie echoed. "I have the drop on both of you, and can kill the first who moves."

"It will be the worst thing you could do," Nick replied. "You may have the advantage just at this moment, but we shall certainly get you."

"I guess not," Currie answered mockingly. "I have got blood in my eye, mind you, so be careful what you do down there."

"What have you done with Madame Celeste?" Nick questioned.

"You'll find her secured to a bed in the front room on this floor," Currie coolly admitted. "I was going to telephone you to-day, in case you did not suspect this crib, so you could come to release her. We had to keep her quiet over Sunday."

"Yes, I suspected that," said Nick.

"You're clever, Carter, all right," Currie laughed derisively again. "But we have nailed the plunder, all right, and got safely away with it. I'm even with Vandyke, now, and even with you. This is the proudest moment of my life, Carter, and the happiest."

"You have remarkable nerve, Currie, to make such assertions in the face of inevitable capture," said Nick.

"Rubbish! You're not going to capture me. No more Sing Sing for mine."

"Wait and see. Is there anything more you can tell me?"

"I'll tell you one thing, all right," Currie answered, with sinister vehemence. "We've got your man, Garvan, and unless you drop this case, Carter, we shall know what to do with him."

"That means, I suppose," said Nick, "that you will kill him?"

"As sure as a cat has nine lives!" Currie quickly declared.

"You had better reconsider," said Nick. "Unless you surrender——"

"Rot!" Currie scornfully interrupted. "You'll never put bracelets on me again. The back stairs——"

"There are back stairs, then?" Nick interposed.

"Oh, yes, and a roof!" laughed Currie ironically. "There are half a dozen ways by which I could escape. The rest of the gang are already safely under cover. Now, Carter, take a tip from me: Drop this case and quit hunting for me, or I'll send you Patsy Garvan's head packed in a butter firkin," Currie icily asserted.

"Are you ready?" Nick whispered, with motionless lips.

"Yes," Chick murmured.

"After shooting, then, bolt for the back stairs. Leave these to me. Wait till I give you the word."

These murmurs passed between the two detectives while Currie continued talking.

"That's just how things stand, Carter," he went on. "If you are willing to meet me halfway, and will give me your word that you'll drop this case and not undertake to run me down, I'll release Garvan unharmed. If you don't——"

"Stop a moment!" Nick interrupted, waiting only to catch the rascal off his guard. "You already know, Currie, that I never compromise with a crook."

"You don't, eh?"

"Never!"

A look of mingled disappointment and bitter hatred crossed Currie's white face. This convinced Nick that the rascal, feeling sure he could easily escape, had remained in the house only with a hope of catching him unawares and effecting a compromise. Finding the attempt futile, for Nick's refusal could not be doubted, Currie replied with a quick snarl:

"I have only one thing to add, then."

"Well, what is it?" asked Nick curtly.

"Garvan's life will be on your head, Carter, not on mine. You have a chance to save him, but won't take it. You evidently think I don't mean what I say, but I will as surely kill him as——"

"Fire!" Nick whispered.

Instantly the report of Chick's revolver rang like thunder through the house, and a bullet tore through the side of his coat and sped nearly true to the mark, for it splintered the baluster rail about an inch from Currie's head, then glanced upward and ripped across the ceiling, sending a shower of plaster over the crouching crook.

"That way!" cried Nick, pointing. "Head him off!"

Chick bolted through the hall toward the rear stairs, while Nick leaped to one side and whipped out his revolver.

Currie fired at the same moment, but the bullet missed the detective and went through the front door.

Nick then bounded up the stairs at top speed and began shooting—the reports were like those of a Gatling gun.

Currie fled like a flash. No frightened squirrel ever moved more quickly. He leaped through the hall, then up the stairs, and reached the third floor uninjured.

Nick plunged after him through the swirling smoke.

He heard the bang of a closed door and the hurried click of a lock. These sounds were instantly followed by the rolling of a heavy piece of furniture over a bare floor. Nick reached the upper hall just as Chick came bounding up the back stairs.

"He's in this room," Nick cried; it was the only one of which the door was closed. "I heard him enter it. He has barricaded the door."

Chick threw himself, with full strength, against the door, and it shook on its hinges.

A loud, derisive laugh came from within the room. Currie was handing the detectives all that he had promised.

"Come on!" Chick repeated. "Lend a shoulder!"

Nick complied, and both detectives threw themselves against the closed door. It creaked, and yielded. One of the panels split from top to bottom. Another effort, and it crashed open.

Nick thrust in his hand and pushed away a bureau. The mirror fell to the floor and was shivered to atoms, and both detectives bounded into the room. It was unoccupied—their quarry had given them the slip.

Through the open window extended two planks about ten feet long, fastened together like those of a ship's gangway. It was so suspended in two ropes secured to iron hooks in the ceiling, that it could be easily and quickly run out of the window and across the alley. The farther end of it then was resting on the stone outside of the window of—Julian Gagnon's sample room.

The window of that room was open, also, and through it Mortimer Currie had fled all of two minutes before. As a matter of fact, he was at that moment coolly walking out of the Trinity Chambers, with his features very cleverly disguised.

Chick would have bounded to this improvised bridge and undertaken to follow him, but Nick checked him with a gesture.

"It would be useless," he said quickly. "He has too long a start."

Hastening down to a front room on the second floor, they found that Currie had told the truth. Madame Celeste, bound and gagged, was secured to a bed in the handsomely furnished chamber. Her eager eyes greeted the detectives with a look of intense relief, and they hastened to release her.

Her story, told as soon as she was sufficiently recovered, confirmed all of Nick's earlier suspicions.

"How many men have you seen here, Madame Celeste?" Nick inquired, after having told her about the robbery.

"Four, sir, including Gagnon," she replied.

"Have you seen any women?"

"Only one, sir; a young woman in the employ of Mr Vandyke."

"Just as I suspected. Please describe the other men, and my assistant then will escort you to your rooms."

Madame Celeste hastened to comply, giving Nick a very good description of Doran, Sacklift, and Pug Magee, though she had not heard the name of either of them.

Nick could not identify the crooks from her descriptions, however, though he made a mental note of each, and then allowed her to depart alone, Chick's aid having been gratefully declined.

Together they then began a thorough search of the house, soon finding evidence not only that the crooks had

been quartered there for some little time, but also that the robbery had been committed precisely as Nick had stated when in Vandyke's office.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE ANCHOR TO WINDWARD.

It was nearly one o'clock when Nick Carter and Chick returned home and entered their business office. On Nick's desk was a quantity of mail. At once proceeding to examine it, Nick quickly came to a letter inscribed with the familiar hand of his absent assistant.

"By Jove! here's something from Patsy," he cried, hastening to break the seal. "He evidently was unable to telephone or send it by special delivery. Currie may not have it on us so badly, after all."

Nick spread the envelope and drew out a scrap of paper and a small, but clearly defined, photograph—that of an old white horse and wagon, the latter containing a trunk, while on the wagon seat was perched Pug Magee.

"Ah, a blue print!" Nick exclaimed, upon seeing the photograph. "He has been using his pocket camera. Let's see what he has written."

Patsy's communication, hurriedly written with a lead pencil in the drug store while he was waiting for Cady to develop the negative he had snapped when Pug Magee drove away with Clara Vane's trunk, was as follows:

"Picked up Clara Vane as she was leaving the Trinity Chambers. She spoke to Gagnon and agreed to meet him in Jake Rohan's place at three. Shadowed her to No. — Madison Avenue, where she has been living. Tracked her to Rohan's at three. She wore a veil and a cheap blue suit. She remained ten minutes, and talked with Gagnon. Could not overhear them. Followed her home. Gagnon sent a man for her trunk. No name on wagon. I enclose photograph. No time to telephone. The girl is just leaving, and appears about to dust. Will continue to follow her. Time, five-ten. PATSY."

Nick read the message aloud, and then laid it on his desk and began a closer inspection of the photograph—an anchor to the windward, indeed!

"It's a hundred to one that Clara Vane joined her confederates in the Raymond residence," said Nick, "and that Patsy, while trying to find who they were and what was going on, was discovered and caught by the rascals. It's obvious, too, not only that Currie is the leader of the gang, but also that he and Gagnon are one and the same. That explains my impression when I first saw him in disguise Saturday morning. He's an expert in making up, and I failed to recognize him, for all I felt sure I had seen him before."

"He's a clever scoundrel, all right," said Chick. "The rascals evidently have been in the Raymond residence for some little time, getting ready to pull off this job. What puzzles me, however, is why they were in the Trinity Chambers last Friday night. They certainly did not intend to do the job until Saturday."

"I think I can tell you why," said Nick. "They had the combination numbers of both of Vandyke's safes, but probably did not feel dead sure that they could open them," Nick correctly reasoned. "They went there to make sure of it, therefore, before the time set for the job."

"By Jove! I guess you're right."

"I'll wager I am."

"And they entered the building across that bridge and through Gagnon's sample room."

"Certainly. They were taking no chances of being seen by frequenters of Villard's restaurant," said Nick. "Currie hired that room and put in his sample stock of fine hosiery only to have an accessible entrance into the building from the Raymond house. The job was well planned and executed; I'll give the scamp credit for that."

"But this photograph," said Chick. "We can make use of it, all right."

"Well, rather!" said Nick expressively. "It provides us with a clew well worth having. Unable to send us the name of the driver, and there being no name on the wagon, Patsy snapped both of them and sent us the blue print, knowing that we'd find a way to identify them, in case he met with any mishap."

"Can you suggest any plan?" said Chick.

"I'll have some plans in a very short time," Nick replied, rising. "Run through the mail while I am framing them up. I'll consider the matter for a few minutes in the quietude of the library and devise some kind of a promising scheme."

It was nearly two o'clock when Nick, returning from the library, informed Chick concerning the plans he had decided to adopt—the nature of which will appear in what follows.

Something like two hours later a seedily clad man, who appeared to be a little the worse for liquor, approached the side door of Jake Rohan's saloon and leaned unsteadily against the building.

After pausing briefly at the door, he entered a narrow passage back of the barroom and stepped into a small rear room, in which there were several cheap wooden chairs and a round, bare table.

A policeman on the same side of the street, who had been keeping a furtive eye on the seedy fellow described, took a position on the curbing some ten feet from the door and appeared absorbed in watching two laborers at work on an opposite building.

The seedy man touched an electric bell, which was presently answered by a stocky, red-faced man in middle life—Jake Rohan himself.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, upon seeing the disreputable-looking stranger. "How came you in here? Who the devil are you?"

"Me name's Grady," was the reply. "I was sent by Dooley, a friend of yours in the next block, and I came in the side door. He said as how you might have some odd job for a good man—that's me."

"Odd job, eh?" Rohan questioned doubtfully.

"That's what, sir," nodded the seedy man. "I just found this on the floor. Mebbe it's yourn."

Rohan bent over and gazed at the blue print thrust across the table, and a grin presently appeared on his bloated red face.

"Magee and his old white plug," he muttered. "Been having his picture took, eh? Gee! that's too rich. He oughter have waited. He would have it took, all right, sooner or later, and kept on file. That's what! Found it on the floor, Grady?"

Nick pointed under the table—the visitor was, of course, none other than the detective. He nodded and said:

"Right there, Mr. Rohan, where some one must have dropped it. You know him, then?"

"Pug Magee—sure I know him," Rohan exclaimed. "Ain't he in here twenty times a day? I know him well."

"Very good," said Nick, closing the door with his foot and pointing to a chair. "Sit down, Rohan, and tell me all you know about him."

Rohan drew back with a quick scowl. Nick had spoken with his natural voice, in low and commanding tones, and a gleam of suspicion flashed in the saloon keeper's eyes.

"What d'ye mean?" he snarled.

"Just what I say," replied Nick, displaying his badge. "Sit down and speak quietly. I don't want you, Rohan, but I do want a little information which I think you can give me. You'd better hand it out willingly, too, if you know on which side your bread is buttered. I am Nick Carter."

"By thunder!" Rohan sat down quickly. "That's different. What do you want?"

"All that you can tell me about Pug Magee," said Nick. "What do you know about the job he is doing?"

"With the wagon?" questioned Rohan, glancing at the blue print. "It looks like he was lugging off a trunk."

"Whose trunk?"

"On the level, Mr. Carter, I don't know," said Rohan, looking Nick straight in the eye. "You've got nothing on me, sir. If Magee is up to anything crooked, I'm not wise to it. He only comes here after his booze."

"You'd better hand me the real goods, Rohan," replied Nick pointedly.

"So I am, sir, on the dead," insisted the saloon keeper. "If there's a job on, I don't know the first thing about it."

Nick saw plainly enough that he was telling the truth. He did not, in fact, suspect him of having had any hand in the robbery, and he had called there chiefly to establish the identity of the man in the photograph, and to learn what he could about him and his associates. He replaced the blue print in his pocket, replying:

"I'll take your word for that much, Rohan, but that's not quite all. Has Magee been meeting any one here?"

"Only one man in particular, so far as I've seen."

"Describe him."

"He's a thin-faced man, smooth shaved, with sharp eyes and——"

"What's his name?" Nick interrupted, quickly convinced that the man was Currie.

"Jack Baker is the name he gave my wife," said Rohan. "He took lodgings of her over the saloon about three months ago, and has been there ever since. I dunno anything more about him, Carter; I give you my word."

"Has a young woman been coming here to see him, Rohan?"

"Yes, at times."

"Do you know her? Or any of Baker's pals?"

"I don't," said Rohan, shaking his head. "He don't show up much in the saloon. He's off color, mebbe, but I didn't know it. Is he wanted by the police?"

"I am not in the habit of telling what the police want," said Nick. "Have you seen Magee this afternoon?"

"Yes. About one o'clock. He came in and bought a drink and said he was going home for a snooze. I reckoned from that he'd been out all night."

"Where does he live?"

"Over the junk shop on the next corner. He hires a man to go out for rags and bottles. He owns the plug in the picture."

"Does he drop in here evenings occasionally?"

"He does, nearly every evening," Rohan grimly admitted. "He's likely to show up after having his snooze. He always wakes up thirsty."

"Does, eh?" queried Nick, smiling faintly. "Listen to me, Rohan."

"Sure, I'm listening, all right," Rohan growled.

"I want you to disappear for a short time—never mind why." Nick curtly prevented any questions. "There's a policeman on the curbing near your side door. Go out at once and follow him. He'll look after you. No funny business, mind you."

"What d'ye mean?" frowned Rohan. "Am I under arrest?"

"No, not exactly," said Nick. "I merely want you out of the way for a time, and I'm making it as agreeable for you as possible. Isn't this better than having him come in and take you? Go ahead, now, or there'll be rough-house here. You'll be released a little later."

"I dunno what your game is, Carter, but you've got nothing on me," he said sullenly. "I'll go, all right, but I'll come pretty near making you show cause."

Nick waved him from the room without replying, then arose quietly and followed him as far as the side door, out of which he presently glanced.

The policeman was thirty yards up the street—with Rohan sullenly swaggering after him.

Nick had two objects in effectually getting rid of Rohan in the manner described. He knew that the saloon keeper was not to be trusted, and that he would contrive to stealthily warn Pug Magee of his impending danger even if allowed only to return to his barroom. Nick had sent him to a precinct station house; therefore, to be detained until further notice, the policeman having been acting under his instructions.

Nick Carter's other object appeared on the surface a little later.

## CHAPTER X.

### CLOSING IN.

Having had his snooze and a hearty dinner of corned beef and cabbage, Pug Magee was gazing out of the kitchen window of the tenement over his junk shop. He was waiting only for darkness, under cover of which he was expecting to rejoin his confederates. Suddenly he saw, stealing into an alley back of the junk shop, the same ill-favored stranger who had so effectually disposed of Jake Rohan about an hour before.

Magee's first impulse was to bolt for safety by the way of the front door. It instantly occurred to him, however, that the door surely would be guarded if there was any occasion to fear the stranger, and that he might run smack into the arms of a detective. Instead, therefore, he resolved to seize the bull by the horns and take a chance that there was really nothing to fear. He seized his cap and coat and hastened down to his junk shop just as Nick knocked gently on the back door.

Magee picked up a short piece of iron pipe and laid it within easy reach, then opened the door.

"I say," Nick greeted him, with voice significantly lowered; "you're the man called Pug Magee, ain't you? I want to see you."

"You do, eh? What's the matter with the front door? Why did you sneak in here?" What do you want?"

"Jake Rohan has been arrested," said Nick.

"Rohan arrested?" Magee's countenance changed like a flash. "What for?"

"He's suspected of being in the game with you and Jack Baker."

"What game is that?" Magee demanded. "I'm in no game."

"All right, then," said Nick. "I'm giving it to you only as I got it, mind you, and because of what Rohan whispered to me."

"What was that?" asked Magee.

"It was like this," Nick proceeded to explain. "I was going into Rohan's saloon by the side door, when I heard him having a game of talk with a man in the back room. The door was nearly closed, so I stepped in by it, for I heard Rohan call the fly cop by name and I wanted a good look at him. I might need to know him by sight some day."

"Fly cop! What name?"

"You've heard it times enough—Nick Carter."

"The devil!" gasped Magee involuntarily. What did you hear? Tell me what you heard," said Magee, with suppressed impatience.

"'Twas like this," Nick went on. "Rohan was being put through a third degree. Carter was trying to find out what he knows about that big robbery in Fifth Avenue. Rohan swore that he didn't know anything at about it, but Carter said the job was done by some man Rohan's lodging house, called Jack Baker, but whose ne name is Currie. Then there was a lot that I can't ll. But Carter said a man known as Pug Magee had een friendly with Currie, as he called him, and that he s suspected of having had a hand in the job."

"He said that, did he?" Magee snarled softly, scowling.

"That's what," Nick nodded. "I didn't know you from a side of leather, mind you, not even your name, and I wouldn't be here now if Rohan hadn't sent me. He must be a good friend of yours."

"How was that? Why didn't he send one of his bartenders?"

"Because he had no chance," Nick earnestly explained. "Carter arrested him on suspicion and lugged him away. He didn't let him go into the barroom, even, and only for me you'd be all in the dark."

"What d'ye mean? I don't quite get you."

"It ought to be plain enough. When I heard how things were going, and saw that Carter was sitting with his back toward the door, I sneaked by it again and let Rohan see that I'd been listening. He didn't show any surprise, but gave me a quick wink, and I knew he wanted something of me."

"I see," Magee nodded. "What did you do?"

"They were just getting ready to leave, so I stepped out on the sidewalk and waited until I heard them coming," Nick glibly explained. "Carter came out first, and I made a bluff that I was just going in. I brushed by him before Rohan could come out, you see, and that gave him the chance he wanted. For he whispered: 'Find Magee and give him a tip. Then see Baker and slip him this.'"

"Faith, I'm getting wise, now," Magee nodded attentively.

"That was what Rohan said and that's why I'm here. I came to the back door, mind you, for fear the front might be watched," Nick pointedly added. "Rohan told Carter you hadn't been seen since one o'clock, when you bought a drink in his place. It may be, then, that some fly cop is waiting out in front for you to show up."

Magee's face had become very long and very grave. There was too much truth in Nick's story for the rascal to doubt any part of it. He gazed sharply at the detective's sinister countenance for several moments, then asked abruptly:

"What's your name?"

"Callahan," said Nick promptly. "I hang out a few blocks above here. You needn't fear that I'll give you away, or squeal after I'm let into the game. I'm out for the coin myself."

"Let into what game?"

"Your game," said Nick. "I've got to see Baker and slip him something. That's what Rohan told me to do."

"What is it?"

"Something Carter was showing him, and Rohan dropped it in his pocket and afterward slipped it to me. Carter didn't notice and didn't miss it."

"Let's see it."

"I guess not. It's for Jack Baker."

"But I can give it to him. Hang it, hand it out, or I'll——"

Magee reached for the iron pipe, but when he turned he found himself looking into the black tube of a revolver, thrust under his very nose.

"Don't get gay, Magee, not with me," Nick advised, with a threatening hiss. "I am as flip, and flipper, than you are. What d'ye mean by going back on me? I've tried to do you a good turn, you and Rohan, but you don't seem to fancy it."

"Oh, yes I do," Magee growled, weakening. "Pocket the gun."

"You want to show it, then, not reach for a club," frowned Nick. "I'll tell you, now, just where we stand. You and Baker helped pull off that robbery, Magee, and there's a good big wad of money somewhere. I want a piece of it for what I'm doing. I'm going to have it, too, or it's up the river for yours. I've got something in my pocket for Baker, something that Carter gave to Rohan, and it's dead-sure proof of your guilt. I'll slip it to Baker, as Rohan directed, and he can destroy it if he likes. But you don't get it from me, Magee, nor Baker, either, unless I get my bit of the boodle. Now, are you wise?"

"Yes, I'm wise," was the reply. "But what d'ye want, Callahan?"

"I want to see Baker. You know where he is, all right."

"The two of us?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

Magee now had no objection. He foresaw, if he could land the supposed Calahan in the midst of his own confederates, that that pugnacious individual could be handled without gloves, and not only deprived of anything in his possession, but also be permanently disposed of, if necessary.

"Can I trust you?" Magee asked earnestly. "Can I trust you, Callahan?"

"You can that—and you've got to trust me," Nick pointedly replied.

"We'll go," said Magee abruptly. "Come on."

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE WHEEL WITHIN.

It was after seven o'clock when the two men, one a crook and the other supposed to be one, approached their destination—one of the lowest and most unsavory precincts on the Harlem water front.

It was a devious course that Magee was shaping, and the cloudy night and the mist rising from the river made it the more obscure. Skirting a high board fence, Magee led the way down to a narrow pier, then along a stoned embankment swashed by the tide. Presently leaving the latter, he stole around a long boathouse and soon arrived in a gloomy lot back of a small wooden house.

"I'm taking you in the back way, Callahan," he muttered, as they climbed over a low fence. "One of the gang rents this crib."

Arriving at the back door, the rascal signed for the detective to be silent, and he then knocked four distinct times on one of the panels.

The door was opened in about a minute, and the stocky figure of Doran himself appeared in the gloomy entry. He drew back impulsively upon seeing a companion with Magee, but the latter said quickly:

"It's all right, Tom. He's a friend of mine, and of one of your old pals, Jim Kennedy. His name is Callahan."

"Why have you brought him here?" Doran asked, with a half-smothered growl.

"He's got something for the chief cook," Magee hurriedly explained. "Rohan slipped it to him and has been arrested. He'll tell you. Come in, Callahan."

Doran, perhaps, felt as Magee did—that it would be safer to have the stranger in the house than out of it. He drew back for both to enter, then quickly closed the door and locked it. Under that of a side room a thread of light then could be seen, and Magee quickly conducted Nick into the room itself.

On a square table near one of the walls an oil lamp was burning. Under the table were two large leather bags, one of which was unbuckled and partly open. They immediately caught Nick's eye, and he inferred correctly that they contained the fruits of the robbery, also that an examination of some part of the plunder had been interrupted by Magee's arrival, and that it had been hurriedly replaced in the partly open bag.

Mortimer Currie and Sacklift were seated at opposite sides of the table, and Clara Vane was sound asleep on a couch near one of the walls.

From behind the open door of a small closet protruded a pair of legs, bound tightly together with a rope. The rest of the man's figure was hidden by the door. It was that of Patsy Garvan, lying flat on the floor, blindfolded and still securely tied.

Such was the scene that met Nick Carter's gaze, and his entrance was not without effect upon his observers. Clara Vane awoke and sat up hurriedly. Sacklift vented a fierce growl. Currie uttered an oath, leaping to his feet, and whipped out a revolver.

"What's this, Magee?" he cried. "Who is this fellow? Why have you brought him here?"

Magee was endowed with nerves not easily shaken. He pulled off his cap and replied, with a defiant gesture:

"Don't you kick over the traces, Currie. You'll know why when I tell you, and you'll have no kick coming. Hang it, does one man frighten you, with four of us here to maul him, if need be?"

"Out with it, then. What's the meaning of it?" cried Currie.

Magee hastened to explain. He began at the beginning and told, with characteristic embellishments, all that Nick had done and imparted.

Currie swung round in his chair and looked at him, after hearing Magee's story. The impression it had made was, as Nick had anticipated, quite favorable, as was evinced by the waning frowns of the several hearers, though a gleam of distrust still lingered in Currie's searching eyes.

"So your name's Callahan, is it?" he said curtly.

"That's what—Tim Callahan," replied Nick, nodding.

"You're out for the coin, Magee tells me," said Currie.

"That's why I'm here," Nick truthfully answered.

"What is it that Nick Carter was showing to Rohan?"

"I have it in my pocket. Rohan slipped it to me, and I'm to give it to Jack Baker."

"Let's have it," said Currie. "I am Jack Baker."

"A blue-print photograph, eh?" said Currie, holding it near the lamp. "Great Scott! it's a picture of Pug Magee getting Clara's trunk."

"Gee whiz! it's the chief, for fair," flashed through Patsy's mind.

"What's that?" cried Magee, darting nearer the table. "My picture?"

"As plain as the pug nose on your freckled face," said Currie, frowning.

"By thunder, 'tis! How'd Carter get it?"

"How?" Currie echoed. "That's easily told. We found a small camera in Garvan's pocket. He was on Cad's trail. He snapped the picture when you called for her trunk, and he must have mailed it to Nick. That's how the milk came to be in the coconut."

"But that don't help matters," Sacklift put in apprehensively. "Carter has it on us good and strong, I'm thinking. We're in wrong unless——"

"Not in wrong, Sacklift, while we have the plunder safe in our hands," Currie interrupted."

"That's the stuff," Doran cried. "There are only two courses."

"Exactly," said Currie. "One, to get Nick Carter and put out his lamp before he can disclose all he has learned about us. The other, to divide the coin and scatter for parts unknown, each for himself."

"That's the better way," Clara Vane declared, rising to join the group around the table. "I'll bolt with you, Mortie."

"You have heard what we've been saying, Callahan." Currie again turned to Nick. "Can you keep your trap closed?"

"Dead easy—if I get my bit of the booty."

"What do you consider your bit?"

"Well, I don't know how much you've landed," Nick said, with grim deliberation, still leaning against the door with both hands in his pockets. "The newspapers set it at close on two hundred thousand dollars. What do you think I should have for the tip I have given you?"

"Well, you've taken no great risk," said Currie. "How would five thousand hit you?"

"I ought to have more."

"Well, well, you're a greedy dog. How much of the plunder do you want?"

"I want—all of it."

"All of it!" snapped Currie. "What do you mean by that?"

"This!" Nick tersely exclaimed, whipping out two revolvers and instantly covering the gang, while he coolly and curtly added: "Now, don't move! If I see a finger stir, and I'll come mighty near seeing it, there will be a corpse here—two or three or four, if necessary."

"Good God, Callahan——" Currie began, as ghastly as a corpse, indeed.

"No, not Callahan," Nick sternly interrupted. "I am Nick Carter, and this house is surrounded by Chick Carter and ten men from the central office. It's up to you fellows to throw up your hands and take your medicine quietly. Up with them, all of you, for there's a bullet ready for him who shows fight. Up with them—lively!"

Every hand went into the air.

Nick whistled sharply, and the shrill note was instantly mingled with the crash of yielding doors and a breaking window. Scattering glass covered the floor. The curtain and blankets were swept aside, and through the broken sashes came Chick Carter, with a revolver in each hand. The rush of heavy feet sounded in the entry, and through the hurriedly opened door a troop of plain-clothes men poured into the room.

As may be inferred, of course, Nick had instructed Chick to shadow him from the moment he began his strategic move against the gang, and Chick's presence upon the scene with a posse of officers was only a part of Nick's crafty plan.

The delight of Patsy, who was promptly released; the recovery of the stolen property, all of which was found in the two leather bags; the arrest and removal of the disgusted crooks—all may be as well imagined as described.

It still was early evening, and long before midnight Percy Vandyke was informed of Nick's complete success, and that all of the recovered property would be delivered to him the following day.

The chagrin, disappointment, and malevolence of Mortimer Currie over being thwarted for the third time by Nick were more than he could survive. Returned to Sing Sing under an additional sentence, he went into a state of bitter despondency and died the following year. His four confederates still are in prison for the crime.

THE END.

"Nick Carter and the Kidnaped Heiress; or, The Recovery of a Great Ransom," is the title of the story that will appear in the next issue of this weekly. This is a very interesting story, and it takes Nick Carter and Patsy Garvan, his assistant, to Helena, Montana, in search of an important official, as well as some important papers belonging to Governor Bradley, whose earlier, somewhat questionable business dealings had placed him in the power of a former partner, who employs a gang of outlaws to steal the documents. In the meantime an opposing gang kidnaps the governor's daughter. It is No. 10, and will be out November 16th.

### DAMES OF '76.

The "Society of Dames of the Revolution" was organized in 1896. Its membership is composed of women above the age of eighteen, who are descended from an ancestor who, either as a military, naval, or marine officer, or official in any one of the original thirteen colonies or States, assisted in establishing American independence during the War of the Revolution, between April 19, 1775, when hostilities commenced, and April 19, 1783, when they were ordered to cease. The chief aim of the society, apart from the cultivation of patriotic sentiment, is to preserve as well as possible the history of the Revolutionary War.

# CORNERED BY INCHES;

## Or, A Curious Robbery in High Life.

By ALDEN F. BRADSHAW.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Francis Grosman discovers that half the jewels have been removed from a valuable necklace belonging to his wife, and jewels of an inferior grade substituted. He tells no one of the loss except Inspectors Watts and Keene. They tell him to have other pieces of jewelry examined and report if any substitution has been made. After having this done, Mr. Grosman reports that every piece of his wife's jewelry which he had examined, with but one exception, had been treated in the same way as the necklace.

Inspector Keene is employed as Mr. Grosman's private secretary. Keene notes that Mrs. Grosman shows great excitement upon receiving a letter, and he tells Mr. Grosman to detain his wife and children in the dining room after supper. Keene then goes to Mrs. Grosman's room, and is about to open Mrs. Grosman's desk when he is disturbed by her maid, who promises to say nothing of the matter.

### CHAPTER V.

CHIEF WATTS TAKES A HAND.

Mr. Francis Grosman was a proud man, punctilious to observe all that culture, character, and social etiquette require. He was proud of his aristocratic name, of its ancient lineage and honorable distinction. He was proud of his home, his affluence, and of his children; and, most of all, perhaps, of his beautiful wife, and the dignity and grace with which she sustained the Grosman prestige in society. Anything of the nature of a scandal, involving his name, would have been nothing short of a crushing humiliation.

Yet, that Mrs. Francis Grosman was engaged in some sort of an episode or an escapade, without the knowledge of her husband, Detective Keene had not the slightest doubt. Why else should she have troubled herself to watch for the mail carrier, to intercept a letter from those he delivered, and to put a lie concerning them upon the lips of her husband's valet? And the observations of Detective Keene the next morning further sustained the suspicion he had formed.

Mrs. Grosman did not come down to breakfast with her usual promptness. In fact, the family had about concluded the meal before her step was heard on the stairs. She was not descending alone, moreover, but was accompanied by her maid, with whom she was in earnest conversation.

From his seat at the table, Keene could look into the front hall. As the women came down he observed that the maid carried her cloak over her arm, as if about to go out. The most natural conclusion was that Mrs. Grosman was about dispatching her upon some mission.

The circumstance was so unusual that Detective Keene

attempted to turn it to account. With graceful conventionality, he excused himself from the table, observing to Mr. Grosman, who glanced up when he arose:

"I will put a seal on the contracts that I am to take down to Mr. Hyatt, and go down with them at once. It will be well, don't you think, if they are delivered as early as possible?"

"Yes, I think so," nodded Mr. Grosman, taking his cue without any noticeable self-betrayal.

Emerging from the dining room, Keene encountered Mrs. Grosman on the threshold, and politely stepped one side to admit her. He noticed that she was paler than usual, and her eyes had the appearance of one who had not slept. She had parted from the maid, Louise Fenster, who was now putting on her hat and veil before a mirror near the front door. On a small stand just beside her she had laid a letter, evidently one she was about to deliver.

Detective Keene glanced back. Mrs. Grosman had closed and latched the dining-room door. While she, no doubt, served some purpose of her own in so doing, it also served the purpose of Sheridan Keene.

With a smile, he casually approached Miss Fenster, whose veil required the usual amount of feminine manipulation, and, in fact, so had taken her attention that she did not yet observe him. He did not speak until he was fairly at her elbow, when, with a mere glance at the missive on the table, he observed pleasantly:

"You are going out early this morning, Miss Louise—and a perfect morning it is. I suppose you have been as good as your word, haven't you?"

With a quick movement, so impulsive that she involuntarily betrayed her startled misgivings, Louise Fenster caught the letter from the stand and thrust it under her cloak.

"Oh, Mr. Greene!" she exclaimed, wheeling about to face him, with cheeks now red and pale in turn. "How you startled me! You move about like a cat. What do you mean by——"

But Keene interrupted her with a playful little laugh.

"What's the matter?" he demanded. "I didn't mean to startle you. I have just come out from breakfast. Were you afraid I'd see your letter, and be jealous?"

The girl blushed deeper, shrugging her shoulders and laughing, and the light in her eyes was manifestly that of relief.

"Oh, no! Your jealousy would not bother me. I am not troubled with so many men that any one of them could be reasonably jealous. You asked if I had kept my word. Yes, I have; but I mustn't stand here talking with you," she hastened to add; "or I'll not hear the last of it."

Keene laughed, walking with her to the door, which he opened for her, saying ere she passed out:

"How bright the sun is on the snow! I wish you could wait ten minutes; I'd go along with you."

She paused for a moment on the threshold, and bent a look of mingled amusement and suspicion at him through the meshes of her dark veil; but the expression on Keene's attractive face was supremely innocent.

"I am sorry I can't wait," she rejoined oddly. "Won't some other time do as well?"

"May I anticipate that other time, then?" the detective softly asked, with some eagerness.

Her eyes flashed sharply.

"If you like!" she exclaimed, just above her breath.

"I do like, Louise!" Keene rejoined significantly.

Then he closed the door behind her, and watched her for a moment as she went down the broad granite steps.

Two minutes later, not a little to the surprise of Mr. Francis Grosman, who had, however, sufficient amount of discretion to conceal it, Sheridan Keene, clad in his topcoat, softly opened the dining-room door and said in an explanatory way:

"I'll take the contract down to Mr. Hyatt at once, sir. It was his wish, you remember, that it should be brought in at as early an hour as possible."

"Very well; very well, Mr. Greene! Do so, by all means!"

So natural was the incident, despite that this stranger in the house was so quickly following her maid, that Mrs. Grosman's eyes were not so much as lifted from her plate.

Taking his hat from the rack in the hall, Sheridan Keene hastened to the nearest public telephone station, a walk of scarce a minute, and called up, through the central station, the office of the inspector of police.

"I want Chief Watts!" he announced over the wire, the connection having been made. "Is he there?"

The call was answered by the clerk in the chief's private office.

"He has just come in," he rejoined. "Hold the wire, and I will call him. Who shall I say wants him?"

"Say Keene—and in haste!"

The delay was momentary only. Then Sheridan Keene recognized the low, resonant voice of his able superior.

"Hello!"

"Hello, sir! Glad to reach you so promptly."

"What news have you?"

"Both news, and a suggestion!" said Detective Keene, speaking quickly, and with a significance which he knew Chief Watts would immediately understand.

"I am listening!"

"I have been watching Mrs. G. All is not right. Correspondence doubtful. Unable to examine any as yet. Appearances bad. Will give you details in person during the morning."

"I understand! What more?"

"Her maid has just been cautiously sent from the house with a letter, evidently an answer to one Mrs. G. received last night, and was very careful to secure unobserved. I think it would be well to discover its contents, if possible. The maid evidently is about to deliver the letter in person, as it bore no stamp. She is now on her way, and with haste may be intercepted."

"You secured the address?"

"By good luck. It is James Barrister, number — Salem Street. The girl cannot reach there before an inspector from headquarters, if he starts at once. I consider the letter important. Can't it be secured without awaking the girl's suspicion? That should be avoided, I think."

"No doubt of it!" Chief Watts said quickly. "Leave the necessary artifice to me. Describe the girl briefly."

"Medium height, dark, and very pretty; clad in a black cloak, a black hat, with feathers, and she wears a veil."

"Sufficient! The address once more."

"James Barrister, number — Salem Street."

"I will attend to the case. Can you easily report here in person an hour hence?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do so. That's all."

Explanations and instructions require time, and time was valuable. Chief Watts, therefore, did not detail one of his men upon the delicate work, but gave it his personal attention. He at once hastened to Salem Street, which is but a short distance from headquarters, yet more than two miles from Grosman's house in Commonwealth Avenue.

Louise Fenster had not yet covered the distance, so expeditious had been the movements of Detective Keene and Chief Inspector Watts.

The Salem Street number mentioned was a lodging house, one of the inferior dwellings of that ancient and run-down quarter of the North End. Yet the locality was tolerably respectable, with many clothing stores near by, kept mostly by Jews.

One of these stores was next to the door of the dwelling—in fact, under a part of the house, which had been remodeled to meet the encroachments of business; and Chief Watts, with a quick glance, to assure himself that the maid was not yet approaching, immediately entered the shop.

A bearded Jew, well along in years, met him fairly on the threshold, with a profuse bowing and scraping and rubbing of his hands, and an eye that betokened his eagerness for trade.

"Vat vas you looking for, mine——"

"I'm looking for information," Chief Watts curtly interrupted, flashing his badge. "Answer me quickly: Who keeps the lodgings overhead?"

"Mine Gott——"

"Don't delay me with any of that! I expect somebody along here at any moment, and I want the information before she arrives. Who keeps the house?"

"Mrs. Isaac Cohen, a vidder, and a vorthy voman, sir!" declared the Jew, governing his surprise. "She vouldn't harm a——"

"Oh, I'm not looking for her, but possibly one of her lodgers. How many has she?"

"Only three or four——"

"Men?"

"Two vimen and two men, sir."

"Do you know them by name?"

"All but vun, sir. He came the udder day, and——"

"Is he a man named Barrister?"

"I don't know that name, sir. He might be the last vun who came. The udders haf been here for years! For years, sir; and are vorthy beeble! Mrs. Cohen vouldn't——"

"Never mind Mrs. Cohen!" said the chief abruptly. "Yonder is the person I expect. Come out upon the sidewalk with me, and pretend you are trying to sell me that coat in the corner of the window. I wish to stand by your side, while I overhear what is said at Mrs. Cohen's door."

"Mine gracious! but I vas so shaky I——"

"Silence! Pretend to be forcing this sale, and take heed you notice nothing else! Come out here!"

Through the store window, Chief Watts had seen Louise Fenster approaching on the opposite side of the street, her evident uncertainty as to the precise location of the house at once indicating to him that this was her first visit. She discovered the number on the door, while he was thus instructing the Jew, and she at once crossed the street and mounted the wooden steps adjoining the shop window.

Then the doorbell of the house was heard to ring.

The Jew was brought to his senses by the severity with which Chief Watts had given the instructions. The latter caught up a coat from a pile on a near counter, and, as if he were in reality demurring over a purchase, he led the way to the sidewalk, as if better to view one displayed in the shop window. He thus could take a position near the house steps, with only his shoulder visible to Mrs. Grosman's maid, had she by chance any misgivings; and, while he sustained a cursory dialogue with the clothier, he also could overhear what was said on the steps.

Louise Fenster's ring was answered by the landlady, and the former quickly asked:

"Does Mr. James Barrister lodge here, ma'am?"

"Yes, miss," bowed Mrs. Cohen, who was a thin woman, in hair rats and a calico dress.

"Is he in, ma'am?"

"I think so, miss."

"I'd like to see him here at the door, please."

"I'll send him down, miss, if he's in his room."

The girl waited briefly, with her dainty foot nervously tapping the wooden step; then the door was opened again, and Chief Watts heard the deeper voice of a man asking:

"What do you want of me, young lady?"

The chief did not quite like the voice; he has an ear for character in voices. But his own features were too generally known for him to take any chances in order to get a glimpse at the speaker.

"Are you James Barrister?" demanded Louise, quite pertly.

"Sure thing! What of it?"

"I have a letter for you——"

"From——"

"Never mind who it's from!" the girl cut in sharply. "I was told to give it to no one but you."

"Let's have it!" Barrister said eagerly.

"And there's no answer now!" exclaimed Louise, as she delivered the letter.

Nor, if there had been, did she wait for it. She quickly descended the steps and hurried away, without a glance at the two men near by; and the door of the house was instantly closed.

Chief Watts motioned the Jew into his shop, at the same time handing him the garment he had brought out.

"Take the coat along!" he commanded; then he laid his hand heavily on the Jew's shoulder, adding, with stern significance:

"And you keep your lips closed about this. If you ask a question, even, I shall know it—and 'twill be the worse for you! Mind that!"

"Oh, mine gracious, sir! I vouldn't speak of it!" protested the Israelite, waving his large hands about his unkempt head. "I vouldn't think about it, if you told me not to! I vouldn't even dream——"

But Chief Watts thrust him forcibly into the shop, and sharply closed the door.

Having with this celerity disposed of the clothier, Chief Watts waited on the sidewalk till Louise Fenster had disappeared in the direction of Hanover Street. Had he

had less faith in the acumen of Detective Keene, he might have felt doubtful about taking the step he now contemplated; that of securing, by hook or crook, the letter just received by Barrister. But he rightly inferred that Keene deemed it important to discover the precise relations between this man and Mrs. Grosman, and that the letter alone would possibly reveal what both of the principals might, if their suspicions were awakened, successfully conceal.

To accomplish this object, Chief Watts adopted what seemed the most promising method—that of getting at Barrister before the latter could have destroyed the letter, if any occasion existed for so doing. If not, some plausible explanation of his intrusion could easily be invented.

His ring again brought Mrs. Cohen to her door, when the chief said blandly, in a moderately low tone:

"I want to see Mr. Barrister. He expects me, and I'll go right up to his room, if you don't object."

The woman drew back and let him enter, yet evidently wondered.

"Second floor, I think he told me?" said Chief Watts inquiringly. "Am I right?"

"Yes, sir; the back room."

"Thanks!"

And without further delay the chief mounted the stairs and unceremoniously opened the door of the room mentioned.

A man stood in the middle of the floor, with his back to a small parlor stove, the door of which had been opened to check the glowing fire.

The man started slightly when Chief Watts abruptly entered; but further than that he betrayed no perturbation.

Yet, with apparent indifference, he quietly turned and tossed both the letter and its cover into the stove.

Instantly the light paper was in flames.

## CHAPTER VI.

### BY THE BERTILLON SYSTEM.

Though by no means a man to betray himself, the chagrin with which Chief Watts witnessed the destruction of Mrs. Grosman's letter may be easily imagined; yet this act of Barrister had been performed with an air of unconcern that really offered no grounds for exception.

He was a man about forty, with a well-built and quite commanding figure, and a rather handsome face. His eyes were dark, and his hair and mustache plentifully sprinkled with gray. His coat and vest had been discarded, and lay upon the bed, for the room was very warm, as if the fire had been inadvertently neglected.

With the destruction of the letter, Chief Watts instantly changed his plan. Without evincing the slightest interest in the burning missive, he at once said courteously:

"Good morning, Mr. Barrister! I am glad I find you in."

James Barrister stood looking at him with a steady gaze.

"Well, sir, glad, or sorry, you have the best of me!" he replied shortly. "I don't recall your face."

"Naturally not, since we are strangers. I am Chief Inspector Watts, of the police department."

"Oh, indeed!" said Barrister, with rather haughty indifference. "What is wrong, pray, that you are glad you have found me? I am not aware of being of any special interest to the police department."

"I don't say that you are," said Chief Watts. "But I am investigating a matter upon which I think you can give me some information. I want you to go up to my office with me. Very likely you will not be long detained."

"What is the matter, sir?"

"I will tell you at my office."

"I would prefer——"

"But you will please give my wish the preference, Mr. Barrister," the chief curtly interposed. "Surely, in the interests of the law, you can have no objection to accompanying me."

The latter was said with a significance that brought a half-disdainful smile to Barrister's lips.

"Whether I object or not, there evidently is no alternative," he retorted dryly. "Wait a minute and I'll go with you."

"There's no special hurry. Take your time in making ready."

Without replying, James Barrister completed his toilet and put on his overcoat and hat; and Chief Watts now observed that his garments were of superior quality and fashionable make; in fact, those of a man quite out of place in his present inferior lodgings.

The chief made no comments, however, wishing first to learn the precise nature of Sheridan Keene's suspicions; and, with only conventional remarks on the way, the two men left the lodging house and walked to headquarters. Not once did James Barrister betray either nervousness or anxiety; his very indifference, in fact, was, to the mind of Chief Watts, just a little suspicious.

"Take a seat here for a few minutes, Mr. Barrister," he said, on entering the general office. "I'll be ready for you presently."

Barrister nodded carelessly, and dropped into a chair.

"Keep your eyes on that man till I want him," said Chief Watts, to an officer in the corridor. "Is Inspector Keene about here?"

"He is in your office, chief. He just arrived."

The latter nodded, and immediately joined Keene, and closed the office door.

A conference of half an hour followed, in which Keene reported all the evidence he thus far had gathered, and which had led to his suggestion of the early morning. At its conclusion, Chief Watts said decisively:

"Is it very evident, Sheridan Keene, since Louise Fenster neither knew this man, Barrister, nor where he lived, that the letter she delivered was, indeed, written by Mrs. Grosman?"

"I am satisfied of that, Chief Watts."

"Hence it becomes very necessary, despite the side issues you have mentioned, to discover the precise relations of Mrs. Grosman and Barrister. I don't fancy the fellow. Have him brought in here, and you remain while I question him."

An expression of grave austerity had settled on the chief's face, when Sheridan Keene returned with James Barrister. It was not a look inviting equivocation nor evasion.

"Sit down there, Mr. Barrister," he commanded, indicating a chair near him. "I want you to answer a few questions."

The compliance appeared willing; yet, when Barrister entered the room and observed one piece of furniture, some of his color had faded, and Chief Watts noticed a fleeting change in the depths of his dark eyes. The piece was the broad oak cabinet with numerous small drawers; that lettered, "Bertillon System of Measurements and Photographs."

Chief Watts gave no sign of what he had observed. He glanced at Keene, who took a position near the chief's desk, and to the right of Barrister, who had removed his hat and laid it across his knees.

"What is your full name, Mr. Barrister?" asked the chief, with his searching eyes reverting to the man's face.

"Why are you subjecting me to this inquiry?" Barrister resentfully demanded, instead of replying to the question. "What have I done, that I should be humiliated in this fashion?"

"An honest man should feel no humiliation at being asked to aid the law in its efforts to discover crime and punish criminals," said Chief Watts. "Why do you object to answering my question?"

"Because I have rights in common with all good citizens," cried Barrister hotly. "You would not bring one of your prominent men in here——"

"I would bring the mayor himself in here and question him, were the circumstances involving him the same!" Chief Watts sternly interrupted. "There has been a robbery committed, and I think you know something about it. Now, the sooner you fall in line with me, the better it will be for you. Answer my questions. What is your full name?"

For the fraction of a second an expression of bitter ferocity fired Barrister's eyes, but he held himself in check, and he knew there was no escaping this inquiry. He sat silent for a moment, grim and pale, his gaze steadily meeting that of the chief; then he answered sullenly:

"My name is James Barrister."

"Do you live in Boston?"

"I am living here now."

"Where?"

"Where you found me."

"When did you come here?"

"Four or five days ago."

"Where from?"

"Out West."

"That is indefinite," said Chief Watts, with ominous severity. "Look you, my man, don't try to evade me, for I'll not stand it very long."

"I came from California," said Barrister, with a sullen sneer. "I have been in the Klondike for a year back, and just came this way."

"At what place in the Klondike region were you located?"

"At Dawson City."

"How long were you there?"

"Nearly a year."

"Who heads the police department there?"

"I don't know his name," said Barrister, with a quick color showing in his cheeks.

"What!" exclaimed Chief Watts derisively. "Do you mean to tell me you lived for a year in such a place as Dawson City, yet never learned the name of the chief police official? That is absurd, sir!"

"Absurd or not, I don't know his name," said Barrister, with a steadily deepening frown.

"You are not telling me the truth, Mr. Barrister!" cried Chief Watts, with severity.

"If you think that, sir, my asserting the contrary won't help matters," Barrister retorted.

"Where were you born, my man?"

"In Australia."

"Humph! You've been a good deal of a traveler, haven't you?"

"Rather. I never stay long in one place."

"I can imagine so. What business brought you to Boston?"

"Nothing special."

"Got any money?"

"Enough to stave off the 'vag law,'" said Barrister curtly.

"Any friends here?"

"None."

"Any acquaintances?"

"Not a soul."

"You are sure of that?"

"Of course I'm sure."

"Yet Mrs. Francis Grosman, of Commonwealth Avenue, claims to know you," Chief Watts said sharply, already convinced that the man had been lying from the first.

For a bare instant Barrister hesitated; then he said slowly:

"The woman has the best of me, then, for I'm blessed if I know her, or ever heard of her."

"Oh, yes, you have!"

"All right, sir."

"And you received a letter from her this morning. And you burned it the moment you saw me enter your room."

"Is that a fact?" Barrister sneered, with undisguised bitterness. "Since you seem to know it all, Chief Watts, what the devil's the use of questioning me?"

"Spare your sarcasm, my man."

"I say I don't know any such woman, and never heard of her."

"Didn't you receive a letter this morning?"

"Yes."

"Who was it from?"

"Nobody I knew! I've forgotten the name that was signed to it."

"Wasn't it addressed to you?"

"It was addressed to James Barrister, but it wasn't meant for me. There must be some other man with the same name."

"Why did you burn it, then?"

"Because I had no use for it."

"Barrister," said the chief sternly; "you have been lying to me from the beginning to the end."

"Do you think so?" was the quick rejoinder. "You might as well quit asking me questions, then, if you are better informed than I am."

"I think so, too," said Chief Watts shortly. "You evidently aim to conceal your identity, my man, and bury your history under a rubbish heap of untruth."

"You only take that for granted."

"But I think we may be able to corner you by inches," continued the chief, referring with an idiomatic anomaly to measurements based on the metric system. "Detec-

tive Keene, take this man into the measuring room. We will see what the Bertillon system will disclose."

He rose while speaking, and Sheridan Keene bowed, saying:

"Very well, chief. Come this way, Mr. Barrister."

"One moment!" interposed Chief Watts, as the suspected man arose. "There yet is time for you to make a voluntary confession of who you are, and why you are here in Boston. I will add, moreover, it will be wise in you to do so."

Barrister's face, despite his general self-control, had become very pale. He met with a sullen glare of defiance the steady gaze of Chief Watts, and replied coolly:

"I have nothing to confess! You may do what you like."

"Take him away," said the chief. "Search him, and take his measure."

"This way, Barrister!" commanded Sheridan Keene.

The man followed, pale and frowning, but without a word.

The humiliating process to which he was to be subjected was that of identification by the Bertillon system, invented by the French chief of the judicial service, Alphonse Bertillon.

It is a system based on the fact that certain physical features do not change after maturity and full growth. The length and width of the head, the length of the middle finger, the foot, the forearm, the reach and height, the trunk, with the dimensions of the ear, the color of the eyes and hair, the profile, contour, et cetera; these are chief among the features of this descriptive signalment.

No two persons being exactly alike, it is impossible that two ultimate measurements can precisely agree. If, then, a criminal has been measured and recorded, a copy of which record is sent to all the police headquarters where the system has been adopted, a subsequent measurement in any of these localities will inevitably reveal the subject's identity and history, so far as was at first known.

If James Barrister had been previously measured, the only chance he now had of escaping identification was that the measurement in one instance or the other might be inaccurately made.

He was removed to a room in which the appliances for measuring are kept. He made no further objections, knowing well that resistance would be met with force.

Sheridan Keene summoned two assistants.

"Search him first," he said quietly.

It resulted in next to nothing. An inferior pocket-knife, a key, a few coins, and a small sum of money, were all that were found upon Barrister. Not a card or paper indicating his character, name, or vocation.

"Take off your coat and vest, and your shoes and stockings," commanded Keene; and Barrister, sullen and pale, slowly obeyed.

"Sit down here, Mr. Barrister," said Keene, indicating a square stool of wood.

The assistants took the measurements, and Keene noted them upon a card.

With a pair of caliper compasses, graduated to minute variations, the length and width of the subject's head were taken. Then, with a caliper rule, the precise dimensions and distinctive features of his right ear. Then, against a background of white, his height, reach, and length of trunk were taken. Then the left forearm was bared and measured upon a table. Then the left middle finger, and then the left foot, while he stood on that alone.

"That will do now," said Sheridan Keene.

He took to Chief Watts the card on which he had noted the measurements. The chief turned to the cabinet with numerous drawers.

To facilitate comparison and identification, all records are classified into compartments, and these in turn are subdivided, and so on to the minute details of eyes, ears, lips, hair, and eyelids even.

Chief Watts glanced at the head measurements, and turned to a set of drawers. The height and reach reduced the range of distinction. And so on until he presently opened one of the tiny compartments.

A series of questions followed, relative to the peculiar facial features, and presently Chief Watts quickly drew forth a card, smiling as he did so. It was the signaletic card of the man in the adjoining room; and it bore his photograph, front and profile.

"Bring the man back here," said the chief gravely.

He read the card while waiting; and when Barrister entered the room, he turned the pictures toward him.

"Do you recognize these, my man?" he demanded sternly.

Though very pale, Barrister was now very calm.

"The system is a good one," he said simply, then sat down in the nearest chair.

"I will read you the record here!" said Chief Watts, standing before him.

"Your name is James Barrows. You were born June 12th, 1859, birthplace and parentage unknown. Profession, locksmith. You were convicted in Chicago in 1889 of burglary of a jeweler's store, and sentenced for ten years to the Illinois State prison, where you were measured two years ago. You——"

"I served my time, and was discharged a month ago!" cried Barrister forcibly, and he leaped to his feet. "Why am I brought here and subjected to this? You have no charge against me, for I have done no wrong, save that one. A convict cannot redeem himself because of men like you."

There was something fairly pathetic in the man's sudden resentful violence, but Chief Watts demanded sternly:

"James Barrows, what do you know of the robbery of Mrs. Grosman's diamonds?"

Barrows, or Barrister, reeled as if struck a blow.

"Nothing at all!" he cried vehemently. "I repeat again—I know no such woman!"

Chief Watts swung round to Sheridan Keene.

"Continue your work, Detective Keene," he said significantly. "I will hold this man in custody pending your investigation."

## CHAPTER VII.

### AFTER THE CHARITY BALL.

It was on Tuesday that James Barrister was identified as the ex-convict discharged from the Illinois State prison, and detained in custody by Chief Watts on suspicion of being concerned in the Grosman robbery.

It was on Thursday, two days later, that one of the

chief events of the Boston social season occurred—the Charity Fund Ball.

All the Grosmans were there, including even Mr. Francis Grosman. But he was bored by the occasion, and distressed by his knowledge that the jewels bedecking his splendid wife were wholly unworthy her own surpassing brilliancy. He was glad when it was over, and he could come home and again bury their mocking blaze in the gloom of the great safe in his library, and turn the combination on them. For him the whole affair had been shadowed by a very dismal and distressing cloud.

Breakfast was laid an hour late in the Grosman residence next morning. The last to appear was William Grosman, the son; and his immediate interest, rather than in the first course of chilled Malagas, was in the morning paper, which was always laid beside his plate.

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed, the moment he opened the sheet. "Have you read the news, father?"

"No, not yet," was the reply. "I never read it at the table with others, nor should you. It's not good form."

Despite this reproof, Mrs. Grosman immediately asked: "What is it, Will? Something about the ball?"

"Something after the ball! The Couzons, of Brookline, were near being robbed."

"Robbed! Read it!" cried Grosman, elder, with a great start of surprise. "Where? When? By whom?"

Sheridan Keene looked gravely up from his seat at one end of the table, and saw the color fade by slow degrees from Mrs. Grosman's cheeks, and a light like that of simulated apprehension show in the depths of her hazel eyes.

"Yes, read it, William!" she said faintly. "Robbed—by whom?"

"Highwaymen! Footpads!" the young man replied.

Then, while he glanced through the rather startling story given by the press, he imparted, in desultory phrases, the main features, at which Sheridan Keene noticed that Mrs. Grosman was intensely disturbed within, and scarcely able to prevent the quivering of her jeweled hands.

"They were on their way home. Had nearly reached it. Were in a Russian sleigh, with their coachman driving. Mrs. Couzon had on nearly twelve thousand dollars' worth of diamonds and jewelry. Their house is on Brickston Park, off the Brighton Road. It is somewhat isolated. They had just entered the grounds, driving slowly in, so as to make the turn at the gate, when three men sprang out from among the trees, one of whom seized the off horse by the head. A second drew a revolver, and, covering the head of the driver, ordered him to keep still and sit on his seat."

"Mercy!" exclaimed Mrs. Grosman, with white cheeks and quivering lips.

"The third rushed to the side of the sleigh, and, with a weapon in hand, ordered both the Couzons to give up their jewelry. Mrs. Couzon begged that her life should be spared, and then fainted. Her husband's courage is extolled here at considerable length."

"Husband—what did he do?" asked Mrs. Grosman faintly.

"He first pretended to yield, and begged the ruffian to commit no violence. Then, catching him unawares, he drew back the heavy robe and quickly drew a revolver, which he had carried as a provision against anything of this nature. He fired instantly at the fellow beside the sleigh, and thinks he wounded him in the shoulder, for the scoundrel uttered a cry of pain, and fell prone upon the snow and ice in the driveway."

"Dear me, what a tragedy!" muttered Mrs. Grosman.

"The report of the weapon so late at night frightened the spirited horses," continued his son, "which broke from the knave at their heads and dashed up the driveway. The robbers did not follow. The Couzons quickly reached the house, and the alarm was at once given. No trace of the scoundrels up to time of press, however. All three wore masks. One thought to be badly wounded. Blood found on the snow where the assault was attempted, and traced to the woods on the opposite side of the road. Police are making a hot search. They think the highwaymen knew of the ball, as well as the fact that Mrs. Couzon's jewelry would be of value, and that they took advantage of the isolation of Couzon's house to attempt the outrage. Great credit is here given to Mr. Couzon. That's about all."

Mrs. Grosman made an effort, and commanded her voice sufficiently to falter:

"Does the article—describe any of the—ruffians?"

"No, I think not," replied her son, glancing back over the story. "No, nothing more is said of that. They all wore masks."

"How very fortunate—their escape!" Mrs. Grosman now murmured, in accents of relief. "My coffee—Louise!"

"Fortunate?" demanded her husband. "You don't mean——"

"I mean the escape of the Couzons, of course!" she interposed, with a quick frown of displeasure.

It silenced the head of the house. He reverted to his grapes, and presently ventured taking a furtive glance at the detective.

Sheridan Keene, with a face as inscrutable as that of a sphinx, was staring at his plate.

Whatever its occasion, the perturbation of Mrs. Grosman on learning of the attempted robbery was noticed only by Keene, and possibly by Louise, who served in the capacity of a table girl, as well as maid to Mrs. Grosman. Louise had observed that her hand trembled violently when accepting the coffee for which she had asked, but the girl was too well trained to remark upon it. Before the meal was ended, however, Mrs. Grosman was as composed as usual.

"I suppose you are acquainted with the Couzon family, Mr. Grosman?" Sheridan Keene casually observed, the two being alone in the library a little later, ostensibly engaged in the business for which the latter was supposed to have been employed.

Mr. Francis Grosman shrugged his narrow shoulders.

"Only indifferently," he replied, in a deprecatory way.

"Don't visit them?"

"Oh, no! Couzon is rather a parvenu. His father made money in soap, and died a millionaire, which was all right enough in a way. But they have no blood distinction."

"That's a drawback, yet a man in the soap business ought to have had a pretty clean record," said Keene dryly. "Doesn't Mrs. Couzon call upon your wife?"

"Oh, no, no! Mrs. Couzon paints and is vulgar. She

has none of the characteristics of my wife—none at all! She never calls here. Why do you ask? And how could you get such an idea?"

"Don't know, sir, I'm sure. Possibly because Mrs. Couzon also owns valuable jewels. I thought perhaps your wife and she had tastes in common."

"Indeed, no! Mrs. Couzon wears jewels ostentatiously, like an Amazon queen. My wife is quite the opposite in her tastes. By the way, sir, isn't it very curious that this attempt to rob the Couzons should follow so close upon my own experience?"

An odd smile stole about Sheridan Keene's lips.

"Either that, or the opposite," he replied equivocally, with a significance which the other failed to detect.

"It doesn't appear to me that you are making any headway with this case here," said Grosman dubiously.

"Doesn't it, sir?"

"No, it does not! I'm afraid you're only wasting your time."

Keene frowned slightly, and rose to his feet.

"I do not waste anything that I value, Mr. Grosman," he replied pointedly. "It would require a man of perception, sir, to see wherein I am making headway in this case. Of one fact I beg to assure you, that when I have ceased to make headway, I shall have ceased also to be an occupant of your house."

This trenchant rejoinder brought Mr. Grosman to his feet with an apology.

"Oh, I beg pardon!" he cried. "I do not mean to offend, nor to interfere."

"I absolve you of the one as promptly as I would prevent the other, Mr. Grosman," laughed Keene pleasantly. "I now am going away for two hours. Kindly give any curious people about here to understand that I am out upon business for you, not my own!"

"Surely, surely, sir! I really believe I am encouraged by your remarks."

Sheridan Keene did not particularly care whether he was or not. He went to his room for his coat and hat, had a bantering word with Louise in the upper hall, and presently emerged from the house into the frosty air and bright sunshine of Commonwealth Avenue.

His mission that morning took him in an opposite direction to that of headquarters. Few persons, observing him, would have taken him for a detective, and one of the shrewdest analysts of human character and circumstantial evidence that ever devoted himself to investigating crime and running down criminals.

And not one, indeed, though conversant with all of the superficial facts in the Grosman case, would have dreamed of what Sheridan Keene already knew on that bright, wintry morning; nor have foreseen with what sagacity and cunning he was about to evoke disclosures that were to amaze the entire community by their startling exemplification of detective genius.

TO BE CONCLUDED.

## WHISKERS.

"I am no foe to whiskers. Indeed, in cold weather I regard whiskers as a blessing. They protect the throat."

The speaker was De Wolf Hopper, the comedian. From his corner table in a restaurant he resumed:

"And, reverencing whiskers as I do, I shall never cease to regret a joke I once perpetrated in Nola Chucky.

"We were playing in Nola Chucky during a campaign, and one evening on my return to the hotel I was amazed to find the whole place packed and jammed with sleeping and bewhiskered farmers.

"They had come in, you see, from miles around to vote, and now, utterly worn out, they lay snoring everywhere. Yes, the entire floor space of the hotel was covered with sleeping farmers. All were whiskered, and their whiskers, sticking up in the air, caused the hotel halls to resemble fields of grain. Those upstanding whiskers in the drafty corridors waved in the breeze for all the world like fields of nodding grain on a windy day.

"Then I played my joke. I shouted at the top of my lungs:

"'Hit the one with the whiskers!'

"And instantly every blessed farmer leaped to his feet with doubled fists."

# THE INDIAN BOX TRICK.

By MAX ADELER.

Peter Lamb belongs to the Arion Club, and the other night he sent around to the clubroom a long, narrow box and a lot of rope. Some of the fellows got to examining the box and wondering what it meant, before Peter came, and one of them found that one end of the box was movable, and that the screw heads which appeared to hold it tightly in its place were shams. So a lot of them got to work, and, taking off the sham screw heads, inserted some genuine screws, which held the end in firmly. When Peter came he said that a friend of his had taught him how to do the Indian box trick, and he was going to give an exhibition to the club that evening. He asked a couple of fellows to satisfy themselves that the box was secure, and they said they were certain it was.

"Now," said Peter, "you put me in there and tie the lid down firmly with the rope, and then the whole crowd go out for fifteen minutes, and I'll bet you ten dollars I'll be out of the box."

So Peter got in, and they fixed the rope, and asked him if it was all right, and he said it was; and the crowd left and went over to the drug store. On their way upstairs, as they came back, they heard somebody kicking against some boards and using the most frightful language in a suppressed voice. They entered the room, and perceived that the noise came from Peter's box.

The conjurer heard them coming, and he savagely demanded that they should untie the rope. They did so, and, kicking off the lid, Peter leaped up, dashed to the window, thrust his head out, and for a minute or two gasped for breath. When he had fully recovered, he seized the poker, banged the box into splinters, and heaved it out into the back yard. Then Mr. Jones said to him:

"Didn't get out, hey?"

No answer from the magician, who sat on a chair in the corner looking mad.

"How do you do that Indian box trick, anyhow?" asked Jones.

Silence from the wizard.

"Does the Indian do it the same way you do?"

Scornful silence from the prestidigitator.

"I don't see anything about the trick any more wonderful than any other trick."

Then Peter got up, and, going close to Jones and shaking his fist in Jones' face, he said, in a quiet but determined voice:

"You mean, sneaking, muttonheaded idiot, I believe you fastened up the end of that box, and if I knew it for certain I'd ram you full of powder and blow you from here to Peru, you pigeon-toed fool, you!"

Then Peter sent in his resignation, and now he is studying up some new variety of legerdemain.

### AN ARAB'S RUSE WITH A THIEF.

Not long ago, said a traveler in western Asia, I had occasion to penetrate well into the northern part of Mesopotamia. One morning when I arose I found that a leather purse, containing some thirty-four pounds, had been taken from my saddlebags during the night.

I at once spoke to the leader of the large caravan with which I was traveling. He was an old Arab chief who had seen far better days, but, owing to war and famine, had been driven into the caravan business, which, by the way, is often profitable.

He was not at all excited by my tale, and when I had done, quietly said: "The effendi shall soon have his money again."

My reply was: "And then you shall have your present."

"*Inshallah!*" (God be praised) was his reply, and we separated.

In about half an hour he called all the men of our train together and made them sit down on the ground before him in a row. He himself was perched upon a bale of goods with his feet tucked up under him, and really looked patriarchal with his long, white, flowing beard.

He explained to the men the nature of the theft, and then added: "I have no idea who has taken the chelebi's money; only the thief and Allah know that; but as the American effendi is under my care upon this journey, I am bound to protect him. It is a shame to me and against my honor that he should meet with this loss from your hands. The thief must be discovered and severely punished. Now, I propose to leave the question to the thief and Allah to settle. My white donkey"—he rode a large white donkey, which is greatly prized in this country—"is now tied alone in my tent yonder. That donkey is a direct descendant from the one upon which Mahomet rode from Mecca to Medina in the year of the Hegira. He has wonderful wisdom. Allah is with him. He hates sin and sinners. The holy prophet often speaks to him.

"Now, I command each one of you, one at a time and entirely alone, to go to my tent where that donkey is tied, close the door so no one can see in, and then pull the donkey's tail. When a man who is not guilty does this, all will be silent and well; when the thief touches him he will kick and bray. The effendi will make ready to mete out the proper punishment. That is all. It is spoken. Let the man nearest the tent go first, and the others follow in the same order, one by one. Silence!"

The first man went. The deep stillness was broken by the heavy breathing of the twenty-six men who sat in that solemn row.

Number one returned to his seat, and number two followed; then another, and another, and another, and yet not a sound from the tent or the donkey.

I began to feel anxious. I watched the old judge. He seemed as calm and undisturbed as the donkey in the tent seemed to be. There was not a trace of anxiety upon his face.

There were only two men left. Then one. I held my breath, for I knew that now we must hear a rumpus. But, no; he came out and took his seat again, and all eyes were turned upon the old man.

I had expected that, in some way, the old fellow would find my money; but he not only had failed, but had put himself and me in a most ridiculous position before the caravan. Our influence would certainly be injured by this act. I was chagrined and angered, and rose up ready to go.

The old man, as calm as a hojah, motioned me to be seated. I sullenly obeyed. He then in a firm voice told the men to stand each one holding his hands open before him together, with the palms up. They mechanically did as he ordered, in mute astonishment; and I must confess that I could not make out at all what he was up to.

He arose, and, beginning at the left end of the row, held his face for a couple of seconds in the upturned palms of the first man. The operation he calmly repeated with the second and the third.

When he came to the sixteenth man he suddenly lifted his face from the hands, clutched the fellow by the shoulders, and pushed him out of the line.

"Thief! dog!" said he, in a voice full of thunder. "Where have you put the foreign effendi's money? Bring it at once, or I will break your vile head and water the sands with your blood."

He gave the trembling man his liberty, and in less than one minute I had my purse that was lost.

I was confounded. Although I had closely watched every move, I was yet unable to understand how the old sheik had discovered the thief. The next day, as we rode along, I asked him to explain to me the process of the revelation. He said:

"I prepared the donkey for the trial by soaking his tail for a few moments in the tea of an herb that grows in abundance about here. It has a tenacious though not strong odor."

I saw through it all. Of course, the thief did not pull the tail and all the rest did; and by smelling of the hands he knew who was afraid of the donkey's kick and bray.

I leave it to my readers to judge whether the old man did not have a pretty good working knowledge of human nature.

### STRANGE AND UNUSUAL.

Four miles of an ordinary spider's thread would only weigh one grain.

A shark seventeen feet long was recently captured in Delaware Bay by James Keyes, of Lightship No. 69. In the shark's stomach, among other trifles, was a silk umbrella.

The simplest way to tell iron from steel is to pour on the metal a drop of nitric acid and allow it to act for one minute. On rinsing with water, a grayish-white stain will be seen if the metal is iron, a black one if it is steel.

An establishment in Chicago insists upon the loss of a leg as essential to employment in that house. It is an artificial limb factory, and the employees are required to show expectant patrons how readily they can hop, skip, and jump with their artificial limbs.

# THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS.

### New Wireless Method of Transmission.

In the newly patented Marconi method for simultaneously sending and receiving messages at the same station, the transmitting and receiving apparatus of the station are a short distance apart instead of close together, and the receiving instruments are connected not only to a receiving aërial, but to a "balancing" aërial. The transmitting aërial points away from the distant station. The so-called balancing aërial points away from the transmitter, thus being made to respond readily to the transmitter oscillations, and only slightly to the oscillations from the distant station. An induction coil in the balancing aërial acts as a second primary to the receiving transformer, and the oscillations set up in this aërial by the radiation from the transmitting aërial produce in the secondary of the coil an effect that is just equal and opposite to the effect produced by the oscillations set up in the receiving aërial.

### Boy Sacrifices His Leg to Save Girl.

William Rugh, a newsboy, allowed the amputation of his crippled left leg so that its skin may be grafted on the body of Miss Ethel Smith, a girl he has never seen.

Miss Smith has been confined to bed for four weeks as a result of severe burns, and the attending physicians say that the only hope of her recovery is to graft enough skin on her body to cover the wounds. When Rugh was asked to make the sacrifice he promptly consented.

"My leg is no good to me the way it is, because I have never been able to stand on it since I was a child," he said. "If it will save that poor girl's life she can have it."

### Railroads Experiment With Devices to Prevent Collisions.

Great attention is being given by railroads right now to methods of avoiding collisions between trains. It was believed the highest degree of safety had been reached on some of the noted lines, but recent wrecks in which many lives were lost show that the "human" element still enters too largely into the safety problem.

The Chicago & Eastern Illinois is the first railway in the country to make a complete service test of a device to prevent accidents by automatically bringing trains to a stop in case the engineer runs by a danger signal, or if there is a broken rail or other condition in the block ahead which should cause a stop. Work has just been started on the installation of an automatic train control system on the Illinois division, from Villa Grove to Salem, a distance of 107 miles, and on all engines which will run over this line.

The device was given a test at Hoopeston, Ill., which proved so satisfactory that the officials of the road considered it worth a thorough tryout under everyday conditions. It consists of a contact shoe hung from the engine, which runs along a third rail or "ramp," as it is technically known, about 150 feet long, and fastened to the ties at the entrance to the block or other danger point. The third rail for the first half of its length is a rising incline and for the second half a descending incline. The shoe is connected with an electrical controlling device operated in connection with the track or signal circuits, so that if the track ahead is all right and clear the shoe simply runs along the third rail. But if there is a train or broken rail or obstruction in the block a magnet is operated in the device so that the incline of the rail raises the contact shoe and automatically sets the brakes while closing the throttle, making it impossible for the train to proceed.

The block signal and train control board of the Interstate Commerce Commission has investigated and reported on a large number of automatic stops, and has not yet approved any one as being perfect. It has, however, repeatedly declared that automatic stops would prevent many accidents, and has urged the roads to exert every effort to perfect the devices. Thus far several roads have allowed single tests to be made, but not a complete test. Although automatic stops have been used successfully in the New York subway and on other electric roads not subjected to steam road conditions, railroad men generally have opposed them, both because no device has been proved entirely reliable, and because they are opposed to automatic devices which may be inclined to cause the engineers to relax their vigilance. They have also argued that while such devices work automatically, they cannot be maintained automatically, and therefore the human element will creep in in the possibility of allowing the apparatus to get out of order, just as signal apparatus sometimes fails to work. Moreover, automatic stops are designed mainly to prevent collisions, which cause only a small part of the fatalities on railroads.

As being the first test under service condition, that on the Chicago & Eastern Illinois, therefore, will be closely watched by railroad men as well as by the government officials who have repeatedly urged the adoption of automatic stops.

### Says Society Women Are Not "High Livers."

"Women who live the so-called high life in society have a hard time in getting insured," was the dictum delivered by President Gold at the recent insurance men's convention in Chicago. "They eat such indigestible food and drink so many harmful beverages that their systems are soon wrecked and they go the quick route to the grave."

Mrs. John Sherwin Crosby, president of the Women's Democratic Club and prominent in civic circles, disagrees with President Gold, and the many other insurance officials who agree with him. "His statement about New York society women is absurd and cruel to womanhood in general," said Mrs. Crosby. "The average society woman of New York is not what is ordinarily known as a high liver. I have been in the homes of many of the social lights of this city, but I have failed to observe anything that wasn't strictly proper. I believe that for every one hundred good men there are one hundred good women.

"Of course there are hundreds of women who drink, smoke, overeat, and otherwise abuse themselves, but very few of their names were ever coupled with the upper social strata. The best of American womanhood is to be found in upper circles here, and President Gold's statement to the contrary is a slur upon every society woman in New York."

### Thousands See Him Die.

In the presence of thousands of spectators a man named Buettner committed suicide in Berlin, Germany. He had entered into a contract with a group of film companies to jump from the top of the famous "Column of Victory" in the Thiergarten. The structure is 245 feet high, and is composed partially of cannon captured in Germany's wars.

The police had knowledge that Buettner had attempted suicide because of a love affair, but had no hint that his project was undertaken with a view of killing himself. The film companies were also unaware of Buettner's real intention.

Equipped with a faulty parachute, he jumped from the top of the column, which visitors reach by a spiral stairway inside, and plunged to the stone base at great speed. The man was instantly killed.

The crowd, incensed at what it thought to be the complicity of the film operators, handled them and their cameras roughly.

### Agricultural Department Has Doubts Regarding Orchard Investment Schemes.

The department of agriculture, in a report soon to be issued, will sound a note of warning to all interested against orchard investment schemes that hold out promises far in excess of what the department experts regard as warranted.

Many inquiries have reached the department regarding orange, apple, and other enterprises where the orchardizing is to be done by proxy, and, in some cases, the claims of profits are alluring in the extreme. It is possible that some of these claims will be called to the attention of the post office department because of the circulation of the alluring literature through the mails. Not all the schemes are frowned on by the department, as will be pointed out in the report. The document, based upon inquiry into the number of the plans, will give clear suggestions and hints to city folks who are considering making investments in the so-called "orchardizing by proxy." It will indicate the conditions under which successful fruit culture may be expected, and the reasons given by the government experts why certain systems of orchardizing must fail.

### J. D. Rockefeller Will Eliminate Italian Laborers.

John D. Rockefeller, junior, who has been at Tarrytown, N. Y., for several days investigating the trouble with Italian laborers on his father's Pocantico Hills estate, hopes to bring about a lasting peace by eliminating all Italians from the pay rolls of the estate.

It was learned that the Rockefeller agents have been quietly discharging the men who

have figured in the recent disturbances, and are taking on Hungarians and Slavs in their places. The new men will receive a considerable higher wage than their predecessors.

### Woman Saves Aeronauts.

Mrs. Walter R. Smith, wife of a jeweler, in Chicago, probably saved the lives of Captain Horace B. Wilde and Engineer John De Courcey, owners of a dirigible balloon used by a South Side amusement park.

Mrs. Smith was sitting on the rear porch of her flat crooning her baby to sleep. She heard yells, and, looking up, she spied the balloon, careening drunkenly and heading straight toward the blank wall of a street car barn across the street. The balloon was trailing a long anchor of rope.

Mrs. Smith descended hastily to the back yard, and when the anchor rope came along she grabbed it. She was severely bumped against a picket fence when the balloon dragged her, but she took a "half hitch" in the anchor rope around a clothesline post and dragged the navigators to a safe landing in her back yard.

### Gets a Franc for Every Meter.

According to measurements made by French Aëro Club officials, Monsieur Legagneux in his record high flight reached an altitude of 18,635 feet.

Before attempting to break the record Legagneux made an agreement whereby he was to receive a franc for every meter of the flight. As he reached 5,680 meters he will receive 5,680 francs ($1,136).

### Off to Buy Asiatic Sheep.

Doctor C. C. Young, of El Paso, Texas, left New York recently on the *Lusitania* on his way to Moscow to attend an exhibition of rare sheep and rams from Western and Central Asia. He bears a commission from the department of agriculture, and he expects to journey from Moscow into the interior of Asia. Doctor Young is famous as a breeder of caracul sheep, with which he has had considerable success on his ranch.

Doctor Young said at the Imperial Hotel, New York, before departing, that he had loaned a valuable Araby ram, which had cost him $5,000, to the department of agriculture for breeding purposes, but the animal got into a fight with a zebra and was killed. He added that the last flock of Asiatic sheep he brought over to this country cost him about $22,000. He expects to take in Persia and Afghanistan this trip. A few years ago he came back after traveling in Asia for two years, studying breeding over there. He hopes to bring back another flock with him.

### New York Sheriff Approves of Boxing.

The official seal of approval has been placed upon the sport of boxing as conducted in New York City, by Sheriff Julius Harburger, who recently had some correspondence with Governor Dix regarding suppression of the proposed Wolgast-McFarland fight. Sheriff Harburger attended the Attell-Thomas fight in Madison Square Garden, and afterward made this statement:

"Before the boxing began, I made a formal statement to the referee. I said that if the affair developed into a brutal prize fight I would stop it myself, arrest the principals and the referee. I think from my observation of what happened that the affair was conducted in an orderly manner, in strict accordance with the provisions of the law.

"The bout, to be explicit, was, in my opinion, a pure and simple boxing exhibition, and instead of being a brutal affair, it was a contest that might be conducted in any respectable household, or in a reputable institution devoted to this branch of sport. If boxing is to be conducted under the law on this plane it will be conducive to the development of athletics, and at the same time uphold the manhood of the American people. I propose to visit every exhibition under my jurisdiction as sheriff of New York County, and will exercise my authority in such a manner that brutality cannot, and will not occur."

### Six Million Dollars Loss in Kansas Horse Plague.

Six million dollars will not cover the loss caused by the horse plague in Kansas during the last month, according to estimates made by Doctor W. S. Schoenleber, head of the veterinary department, and Doctor E. H. Webster, director of the experiment station of the Kansas Agricultural College, who have been visiting the plague-infected district.

They say that in the western half of Kansas alone at least 20,000 horses have died of cerebro spinal meningitis. This, they say, has made a direct loss of $2,000,000 in horses. The indirect loss, particularly in farm work undone on account of the scarcity of horses, they estimate at twice that amount.

Doctors Webster and Schoenleber says the disease now exists in 75 of the 105 counties of the State, and is as virulent as ever.

### Army Board Will Determine Which Horse Kicked Mule to Death.

Which of two cavalry horses kicked to death an army mule is to be the subject of inquiry of a board composed of five officers, ranking from a second lieutenant to a major.

The mule met his death one night while the recent army maneuvers were being held in the Santa Clara Valley. He was tied to a picket line, and on either side of him was the mount of a regular army officer. In the morning the mule was found dead, and the evidence that he was kicked to death was indisputable, but there was nothing to indicate which of the two equine suspects was guilty; hence the board of inquiry will meet at the Presidio.

### Against War Aeroplanes.

The question of the use of aëroplanes in time of war was reconsidered at a session of the Interparlimentary Union, as its approval by the conference, as announced, was apparently voted under a misapprehension.

After a long discussion the resolution, introduced by the Belgian minister of state, Auguste Beernaert, interdicting the use of aëroplanes in war, was adopted.

Gustave Ador, president of the international committee of the Red Cross, said that many protests had been received from Red Cross workers in the field against the Italians throwing explosives from aëroplanes. He added that the Italians had denied the allegations.

The Italian delegates at the conference supported the proposal introduced by Monsieur Beernaert, which was approved by some of the British and German representatives also.

### X-ray Victim Honored.

Mademoiselle Weidemann, the first woman to fall a victim in the course of duty to the effects of X rays, has been decorated with a medal of honor by the minister of the interior.

Mademoiselle Weidemann in 1898 became an employee of the laboratory of radiography at the Salpêtrière Hospital, in Paris, where some of the first X-ray experiments were carried out. Her hands were soon attacked by X-ray dermatitis. Both arms were amputated last year in an effort to stop the spread of the disease. It was only a temporary cure, and at the hospital Mademoiselle Weidemann is kept continually under the influence of morphine in order to allay her intense suffering. There is very little hope of her recovery.

The medal was bestowed upon her as she lay in bed.

### Foreign Dictionaries Can Come in Free Now.

James F. Curtis, acting secretary of the treasury, has taken an advanced step to encourage the learning of foreign languages by the American people. He authorized all English-foreign language dictionaries to be admitted free of duty.

The tariff act places on the free list all books and pamphlets printed chiefly in any language other than English. The board of general appraisers at New York recently decided that a certain shipment of French-English and Italian-English dictionaries could come in free. Some stickler for the law counted the words in the books and informed the treasury department that there was good ground for appeal to the customhouse because they contained more English than foreign words. Mr. Curtis interpreted the will of Congress as being to encourage the learning of foreign languages, and held that all such bona-fide dictionaries may escape the usual duty of 25 per cent ad valorem on books.

### This Wife Works With Her Husband.

In conformity with a prenuptial contract that caused much comment, Mrs. Carleton Washburne obtained a place as illustrator on the magazine by which her husband is employed, at Los Angeles, Cal.

The contract, which provided for the largest personal liberty for both husband and wife, specified that each should earn an individual livelihood, and should share the expenses of maintaining a home and caring for children, should any result from the marriage.

"The accounts of my mother being prostrated over my action are merely trash," said Mrs. Washburn. "I have received several telegrams of congratulation and commendation from her since my marriage."

### United States Shipbuilding is Aided by Panama Toll Law.

The shipyards of the United States during the current fiscal year will be busy, according to returns filed with the bureau of navigation.

On July 1, 120 steel vessels aggregating 254,000 gross tons were under construction or under contract to be built, against barely 100,000 gross tons at the same time a year ago. The influence of the approaching

opening of the Panama Canal is manifest, as upward of 80,000 tons are building for use through the canal.

Since Congress, in the Panama Canal act, assured free tolls to American coastwise ships and duty-free materials and equipment for ships in the coastwise trade, a further stimulus to shipbuilding has been given, the effect of which is expected to develop as the provisions of the law become more generally known.

Preparations for the use of oil, instead of coal, are found in most shipbuilding returns. Fifteen tank steamers, ranging from 2,200 tons to 6,500 tons, will use oil for fuel.

Tonnage building on the Great Lakes shows a falling off of about 10,000 tons, compared with a year ago, and part of the current year's lake construction is designed for salt water use.

### Fireworks Fail to Scare Birds.

With a ton of roman candles as ammunition, Topeka, Kan., began, recently, a battle against the thousands of blackbirds that have infested the great elms of the city.

Each evening it has been the habit of the birds to fly into the elm trees in the parks and around residences, and especially into the twenty acres of forest near Bethany College. Professor L. L. Dyche, State fish and game warden, told the city officials that roman candles would drive the birds out.

Four men spent several hours firing the candles singly and by volleys into the trees. As the flying balls of fire swept through the leaves, the birds fairly screamed at their disturbers. A few flew to near-by trees, but most of them held their roosts and chattered noisily. Finally the firing squad gave up the effort.

### Uncle Sam to Hold Big Rat-trap Show.

Uncle Sam is to hold a national rat-trap exposition for the scientists of the world. Surgeon General Blue, of the public health service, has announced that all the latest ideas in rat traps, freak and otherwise, will be on exhibition when the International Congress on Hygiene and Demography meets in Washington.

Traps in which rats sneeze themselves to death, go insane, and commit suicide, are catapulted to death, poisoned, crushed by steel springs, and sent to destruction by various other means will be shown.

Recently Doctor Blue let it be known that he desired a model rat trap, and has been flooded with traps ever since.

### United States Army Flyer Falls into River.

Lieutenant Harold Geiger, flying in a Curtiss hydroplane, narrowly escaped drowning in the Potomac River when his engine stopped at a height of 150 feet, and he fell into the water. A fleet of motor boats went to Geiger's rescue. He was fastened in the machine, and was almost unconscious when hauled out of the sinking hydroplane.

### Successor of "Titanic" to be Named "Britannic."

The new 50,000-ton steamship being built for the White Star Steamship Company, at the yards of Harland & Wolff, at Belfast, will be named *Britannic*.

It was announced about a year ago that this ship would be called the *Gigantic*, but in reply to a letter of protest against this name after the *Titanic* disaster, J. Bruce Ismay stated that the name had not yet been decided upon, and that it certainly would not be *Gigantic*.

Like the *Olympic* the *Britannic* will have a complete inner skin and an increased number of watertight bulkheads. It is claimed that she will be able to float with six compartments flooded. Many changes have been made in the new boat since the foundering of the *Titanic*.

### Over a Billion Eggs in Cold Storage.

Uncle Sam's crop-reporting experts have been taking an egg census. They announced recently that, although there were only 1,119,066,000 eggs in cold storage at this time last year, there are now in the warehouses awaiting consumption some time next winter, when prices get high enough to induce the "egg kings" to dispose of them, exactly 1,173,133,800 eggs. This is an increase over last year by some 54,000,000.

By the prediction of a Western expert that eggs will reach the price of 5 cents each, the warehouse men would be able to sell their product for $58,656,690, not including millions of eggs that will be put in storage before cold weather comes.

### Says Oysters Suffer Agony When You Eat Them.

"Oysters on the half shell suffer untold agony when eaten," says Doctor Harvey W. Wiley, formerly Uncle Sam's pure food expert. "Ninety per cent of them when eaten are alive and kicking. They suffer the most excruciating pains when you jab them with a fork and follow with a sprinkling of salt, pepper, and tabasco sauce.

"It is true that they are a very low order of life, but as they eat and drink they must be live and have feeling. Imagine some monster coming to earth from Mars who thought that us poor human beings were very succulent morsels of food when eaten alive. It would indeed be a nice sensation to be poked full of holes and covered with about six pounds of salt."

### Famous London Detective to Leave Service.

"Frankie" Froest, as the great detective, Superintendent Frank Froest, chief of the criminal investigation department of New Scotland Yard, is known to his friends—and they are many—is about to retire after 35 years' service marked by many adventures, and crowned by a royal tribute not only to himself, but to the organization of which he has for several years been head. From King George he has received a message: "Good-by, Mr. Froest, and Godspeed. The detective and police organization in which you have served so long is, in my opinion, the best in the world."

It is understood that when Mr. Froest retires into private life he will write a book on his personal experiences and adventures as a police officer. He came to London from the west country. Throughout the world—in New York, Paris, Buenos Aires, Capetown, and Melbourne—his name is known as a crime expert, and many a fugitive who has had thousands of miles' start of justice has been tracked through a terse cabled message he has sent across the seas.

"The secret of detective work is the elimination of the unnecessary," is one of the golden rules which Mr. Froest has carved out, and his success in dealing with all sorts and conditions of men and women is largely due to his unfailing tact while engaged on this extremely difficult process of elimination.

Mr. Froest has made and kept friends, and his sympathy has been extended even to the most hardened of criminals, who, after a fair capture, have admitted that "Frankie isn't such a bad sort, after all."

The distinctions and commendations he has won are beyond number. He wears the king's police medal for meritorious services, which few besides chief constables ever win, and even the New York police admit that Mr. Froest has "made good." His muscular strength has often stood him in good stead. Once when he was bringing a prisoner back he had a desperate struggle in an express train with the captive, and even after, single-handed, he had handcuffed him, the man managed to raise a footwarmer between his manacled hands and hurl it at his captor.

His escapes from death have been many.

On one occasion, when he had arrested a man he had tracked, this man told him that a few days before he had seen him behind him in Piccadilly. "I was desperate, and I turned into a doorway," said the criminal. "I had resolved if you came up to shoot first you and then myself. But, fortunately for you, I saw you turn up Vine Street. That saved your life."

Among the tragicomedies of his official life was that of the mystery of a water butt in a London suburb. A man w found sticking headfirst in a water bu He was dead, and at first there was suggestion of murder. Mr. Froest quic solved the problem.

"The man hurt his head," he decid "He went to bathe it in the water and o balanced himself. Then, being unable get out of the butt, he died there."

"Impossible," cried a critic standing and to prove it was impossible he le over the water butt. A second later heels were in the air, and had it not for kindly friends he would have pr Superintendent Froest's theories to right.

His first experience of encountering violent criminal was in the Saffron region, where he was stabbed by an Ita Since that adventure, which led to a in hospital, many a malefactor has wary of the strong arm and far-reac skill of Mr. Froest.

His best-known exploit was the cap and extradition of Jabez Balfour f Argentina. Mr. Froest had to spen whole year in the pursuit for, when he surprised his man, endless difficulties raised in the courts. Even when as a device the criminal court, at Salta, sen two agents, followed by a guard of Argentina soldiers, on board the steamer on which Mr. Froest had his prisoner, with a written order for Balfour's delivery from custody, the detective surmounted all difficulties.

One of the superintendent's relics in Scotland Yard is a six-shooter that belonged to an American desperado who came to London to be avenged on Mr. Froest, but by a dexterous maneuver the officer got the delinquent in Gatti's restaurant.

### Largest Peach Orchard in the World Destroyed.

The largest peach orchard in the wor the one that has been first to supp the market with Georgia peaches for ma years, was burned at Amicus, 50 mil south of Macon, Ga. The orchard cov

tained 225,000 bearing trees. These have been cut down by negroes at the direction of the owner of the Bagley orchard estates and piled in huge heaps.

Oil will be piled on the brush and then negroes will run from one pile to the next, starting the bonfires almost simultaneously. While the peach crop brought much money into Georgia the past season, the receipts running into millions, the owners of the grove failed to realize as much as expected. Thousands of bushels of peaches went to waste. They destroyed the orchard, believing they can raise cotton at a greater profit on the same ground.

### To Bar American Beef.

The American beef combination is to be kept out of Melbourne, Australia.

The legislative council passed a resolution to the effect that it is desirable that the government take action to prevent it from obtaining a foothold in the commonwealth.

The council also requested the government to consult with the other Australian States with a view to the passing of necessary legislation to keep out American competition.

### Loses Police Job for 50-cent Bribe.

Patrolman Fred E. Brandt, a member of ie police department, of Chicago, since 97, for taking a bribe of 50 cents, was ipped of his star and termed a disgrace the police force by Assistant Chief of lice Herman F. Schuelter.

randt admitted that he took 50 cents m a peddler, after arresting him for ng his wares, and then allowed him to free.

### Kindness Brings this Boy Luck.

oming from Los Angeles on a crowded mer, Harry G. Raymond, of San Fran, offered to share his stateroom with elderly gentleman and thereby introd himself to an uncle and a fortune.

muel Harrison, Raymond's guest, ed out to be his mother's brother. rison told Raymond that another uncle, ry Harrison, died, leaving a fortune of t $500,000 to Raymond's mother, who recently.

aymond and Harrison arrived at San ncisco and departed immediately for gary, Alberta, where Raymond, it is , will receive his inheritance.

he Harrison brothers left England in r youth, were lost sight of, and made r fortunes in the Canadian Northwest.

### Advises Girls Against Training.

"Girls should never train for athletic events. Declaring that she follows this rule herself, and that the only time she violated it she lost the international tennis championship, May Sutton, the tennis player, ridiculed reports that she has lost 47 pounds by systematic starving.

"I never went into training save once, and that once I lost the international title in England," she said.

### Tourists Make Laplanders Tired.

The Laplander is annoyed with the tour- who visits him. The nature of his nplaint may be gathered from the notice sted in the districts of Lapland most sited by travelers, which in several lanages runs as follows:

"DEAR TOURIST: What would you say if n unknown individual without asking your permission or even knocking at your door pushed his way into your home, made himself comfortable on your sofa, peered at everything, rummaged everywhere, laughed at your domestic arrangements, asked how much money you have, wished to interest himself in your love affairs, and seized hold of your children to photograph them?

"What would you do with such an unmannerly intruder? But there are certain tourists who treat the Laplanders in this fashion. They enter their tents without embarrassment, handle or point at everything, ridicule everything, and ask the Laplanders how many reindeer they have—which is the same as asking other people for details of their incomes.

"The Laplanders are human beings and not menagerie animals."

### 500,000 in Germany Have Defective Ears.

That there are 500,000 persons in Germany whose hearing is defective is a statement that was made at the first convention of the Society for the Protection of the Deaf, which was organized a short time ago. Franz Bronner, an architect, presided at the convention, which was made up of 100 delegates.

The resolutions adopted declared that persons who are hard of hearing needed more consideration than is usually accorded to them. It was decided to approach theater, opera, and concert managers with the request to allot particularly good seats to those who, by producing a membership card of the society, could show that their hearing was defective; also that telephone apparatus should be attached to the seats.

Railroad officials are to be asked to show deaf people special consideration, and a fund is to be started to provide aural instruments for those who cannot afford to buy them.

### Tribesmen Rally to Sultan of Morocco.

El Hiba, the rebel sultan of Morocco, who is giving the French so much trouble, is famed, like his father before him, throughout Morocco as a worker of miracles.

The tribesmen believe that his letters are carried through the air; that those who condemn him are turned into frogs; that he can feed a host from a never-exhausted sack; that traitors to him are stricken with paralysis; that those who deny their wealth to him become poor; that the shells of the French warships turn to water when fired at his troops.

The rebellious Moors credit these stories. Tribes who have never acknowledged a sultan and powerful Kaids have rallied to him. He is a Moorish mahdi.

### Submarine Makes Record Dive.

The United States navy submarine *F-1* holds a world's record after diving 283 feet off Point Diablo, in San Francisco Bay.

The submarine remained at this depth for ten minutes, cruising at a speed of six knots. The twenty-six men of the crew went about their duties while the hull creaked and groaned beneath the enormous pressure.

### Deep-sea Freak's Feet Like Parrot.

One of the queerest deep-sea creatures ever seen in Venice, Cal., was brought in by a fisherman. It was five feet in length, black and green mottled, with a tail like that of a shark. It has a dorsal fin and four feet shaped like those of a parrot. Its mouth resembles that of a Gila monster, while its head is a replica on a large scale of that of a California horned toad.

### Tipping is Endless There.

General Thomas L. James, ex-postmaster general, returned from his annual trip to Europe recently. He said he left New York on June 9 to go to Marienbad to take the cure, and had four days of fine weather in two months.

"I do not advise any one to go to Marienbad," said General James, "unless he has more money than he knows what to do with, because it is the worst place in the world for tipping. It never ceases, and I have been told that the waiters and bell boys in the hotels hold out their hands and smile mechanically in their sleep when any sound disturbs them."

### Panama Canal Will be Ready for Traffic in 1913.

The Panama Canal is to be opened to traffic in the fall of 1913. This statement was made officially at the navy department with an announcement that the Atlantic fleet would be rendezvoused at Colon this winter before the water is turned in. The navy's estimate is based upon the latest report from the army engineers.

Secretary Meyer, after consulting with the Isthmian Canal Commission, discovered that construction work on the canal had progressed so far that unless action was taken immediately there was a probability that the men of the fleet would have no opportunity to examine the connecting links between the two oceans before it was in operation. The visit of the fleet will include railroad trips for the men throughout the Canal Zone.

While there has been much speculation and a number of prophecies concerning the early opening of the canal, the navy department was the first to announce the surprising fact officially. The date for the opening originally was set for January 1, 1915, and engineers for some time had doubted if the engineering difficulties could be overcome to permit completion of the work by that date.

The remaining work is said to offer few obstacles.

### China Warns Russia.

A dispatch to the London *Times* says that at a secret session of the National Assembly at Peking, China, the war minister declared that the government would offer armed resistance to aggression in inner Mongolia, but would accept the Russian conditions with regard to outer Mongolia, hoping through these concessions to secure Mongol allegiance to the republic.

Chao Ping-Chun, acting premier, said that the government was willing to negotiate with Great Britain on a basis of the maintenance of the status quo.

### Peculiar Death.

A remarkable illustration of the affinity between twins is found, say physicians, of Bayonne, N. J., in the sudden death of Patrick Carr, fifteen months old, exactly five minutes after his sister Elizabeth had died.

Elizabeth and Patrick were the twin children of Patrick Carr, of 512 Boulevard. Elizabeth, who had been ill of summer complaint, died at midnight. Five min-

utes afterward Mrs. Carr went into the next room to see if Patrick was asleep. She bent over the crib to tuck his arm under the covers and found the arm strangely limp. She lifted him and realized the truth.

The peculiarity of the boy's death lies in the fact that he had not been ill. All that the family physician could say was that the heart simply had stopped beating without apparent cause. The strange affinity that often has been found to exist between twins seldom is manifested as strongly as this.

### Report on Lightning.

The department of agriculture has made public the results of an exhaustive investigation of lightning strokes throughout the country.

The report disposes of the belief of the ancient philosophers that certain kinds of trees, the laurel, aspen, and beech, were never struck by lightning with the statement that "any kind of tree is likely to be struck."

The report shows that lightning strikes in the Colorado plateau region more often than anywhere else in the country, and that lightning is a prolific source of fires in the forests of the West.

### Dared, He Dives Off High Bridge and is Killed.

Dared by fellow workmen to make the plunge, Paul Bromworth, 20 years old, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Bromworth, of Schuylkill Falls, dived forty feet from the park trolley bridge, near Strawberry Mansion, to the river. He struck a submerged log and was killed.

Bromworth was one of half a dozen painters who were working on the bridge. They had been in the habit of taking a swim in the Schuylkill after they finished work, and Bromworth, half in jest, announced that he intended leaping from the bridge. One of the other men laughingly dared him to do it.

"I'm game!" shouted Bromworth, and went down headfirst. His companions watched breathlessly for him to appear, and after five minutes they started diving for him. They found the body fifty yards downstream. Bromworth's head was crushed and his neck broken. The body was taken to the home of his parents.

### Invents Safety Device for Vessels Fogbound at Sea.

Considerable interest has been aroused in Liverpool by a demonstration of the working of an invention for use in ships, particularly in time of fog, to show the direction of sounds, such as those of the sirens of other ships.

The apparatus, which is the invention of two brothers named Hodgkinson, consists of a "drum" to receive the sound waves and an indicator. The "drum," which is 9 by 5 feet, is placed aloft, where it cannot be affected by sounds on the deck, and it is connected electrically with the indicator, which is placed in such a position that it can readily be seen by the ship's officer on duty. The receiver consists of a number of units, each of which receives sound waves from a particular direction. Though sensitive to sound waves, they are not affected by ordinary mechanical vibrations. By means of an electrical device a sound wave from a particular direction causes an electrical lamp in a particular position on the indicator to light.

The position of the lighted lamp shows the position that the ship whose siren is sounding occupies with regard to the ship which carries the apparatus. The lamp remains alight until seen by the officer on duty, who can then switch it off. If the other vessel is moving, different lamps light in succession, showing the vessel's course.

It is claimed that the apparatus indicates the direction in which a vessel blowing a foghorn is traveling—whether it is going ahead, astern, or on either side. If there are several ships in the vicinity, the recording lights from any of them can be shut off until the position of the others has been observed.

Exhaustive tests, extending over eight days, have been made on the Mersey in misty and windy weather. The sounds made by the foghorns of steamships, and the whistles of railway engines were recorded.

### To Build World's Biggest Building.

The Du Pont Company, of Manhattan, with a capital of $12,000,000, has incorporated at Albany, N. Y., for the purpose of financing the largest office building in the world, which is to be erected on the site of the Equitable Life Assurance Society at 120 Broadway. The incorporators are General T. Coleman Du Pont, president, of Wilmington, Del.; Frank M. Andrews, architect of the new Hotel McAlpine, vice president; L. L. Dunham, an associate of General Du Pont, secretary and treasurer, and W. A. Ulman, Paul Wilson, George F. Brelseford, J. C. Allaback, and George E. Matthews.

The new building, with its site, will cost about $20,000,000. It is to be thirty-six stories high, and the Equitable Life Assurance Society is to occupy four floors. Work on the new building probably will be started next December, and it is planned to have it completed by May 1, 1914. It will be as large as the Woolworth, the American Express, and the Municipal buildings put together.

Frank M. Andrews, the architect, said that it would contain all of the latest and most modern improvements, and be the tallest office building in the world.

### Find Mastodon Skeleton.

The skeleton of a mastodon has been found by Leaman Hawley, near Malahide, Ont. The bones have not all been dug out yet. The ribs measure five feet in length. The vertebræ joints are as big as a small-sized frying pan. The upright bones from the vertebræ joints measure from eight inches to sixteen inches in length. One tooth has been unearthed which weighed four pounds and is fourteen inches around. The skeleton was found on the banks of a ravine.

### Kansas Horse Plague Found in Other Farm States.

The horse plague which has caused great loss to Kansas farmers and retarded fall plowing remains unchecked and in a large part unexplained.

The Kansas University veterinarians claim to have proved that the disease is similar to spinal meningitis, and that it is not contagious. The germ is believed to come from a fungus growth in the grass, due either to the severe winter or an exceptionally wet spring. Twenty-six counties in the western part of the State were hit especially.

In hundreds of cases farmers have been left without a single horse or cow. Traction engines probably will be sent into these counties soon to do the fall plowing. Seed houses, banks, and railroads do not wish to see the fields idle next season.

The disease has appeared in Oklahoma, Nebraska, and Missouri. Missouri authorities have called a meeting of the Board of Agriculture and State veterinarians to be held to determine whether or not to bar all feed stuff from Kansas this winter. This will apply to alfalfa in particular. The number of horses lost by the disease will total about 10,000. The Santa Fe, which has reports from each county, gives such an estimate. Mules, being more careful in feeding, have not been lost in such numbers as horses.

Owing to the swelling of the throat it has been difficult to treat the stricken animals. On the other hand, many of the government and State veterinarians say hundreds of horses have been killed by farmers who use too much medicine. The medicine, when put into the swollen throat, finds it way into the lungs and causes pneumonia. Governor Stubbs has offered a reward of $1,000 to any one finding a cure.

Circuses are steering clear of the western counties and are buying feed elsewhere. The epidemic is crippling the attendance at the county fairs. In several counti farmers have refused to attend the exhib fearing that the disease will spread to th own stock.

### Frenchman Doesn't Like Our Airships.

Maurice Prevost and Andre Frey, m bers of the French team that came to country to fly in the Gordon Bennett ternational cup race, sailed for home cently. They did not return with J Vedrines, the cup winner, because wanted to remain and take part in Chicago meet. But after seeing the ho made contrivances used. Mr. Prevost he and Frey declined to compete.

"Two-thirds of the machines used in country are unfit to go up in the air," Prevost, "and half of the aviators who accepted would not be trusted with a tr ing aeroplane in France."

When told by a representative of Aero Club of America that this cou is already planning machines to be sen France for the championship race n year, Prevost said it would be well to b them for making a speed of not less t 150 miles an hour.

### This Heavy Hitter Breaks 50 Bats Each Season.

Frank Schulte, the heavy-hitting outfielder of the Chicago Cubs, who was suspended for his failure to respect the club's rules regarding liquor, breaks fifty bats a year, it is said, so that this particular home-run hitter is something more than a mere fence breaker. The bats he uses are of ash, well seasoned, with an unusually small grip, so small, indeed, that his fellow players are apt to look with scorn upon his private woodpile, save when he begins to line them out. Small grips are rather uncommo although some of the best batsmen t game has seen used them, notably Cy Se mour, when he was at his best.

Dan Brouthers used to say that the l made little difference so long as it w "comfortable," and so long as its owner

looked upon it with something akin to affection. It might well be added that the style of the batter sometimes has little to do with his hitting, whether it be the choke effect invented by Willie Keeler, or the crouch that was Sam Crawford's stock in trade. Young players make the mistake of copying the style of some great hitter, and of using a club that is as nearly a replica of the great one's as possible.

It used to be said of Larry Lajoie that he could "hit the ball a mile with a toothpick," and of Hans Wagner that he was not particular about the flail he used so long as he could get a ball off the shoulder. As a matter of fact, most of the hard hitters make their long drives from balls that would not have been strikes had they been allowed to go to the catcher. Unless one stands fairly well back from the plate it is difficult to get the shoulders into a drive made from a perfectly pitched ball.

As a rule, the heavy hitters are not bat breakers, and in this respect Schulte's record is peculiar. He must catch the ball across the grain much of the time.

**Wright Says Airships Are Safer than Autos.**

"Flying to-day is safer than traveling at the same speed in automobiles, and is certainly much safer than automobile racing," says Orville Wright. Mr. Wright was in washington to inspect several aëros at College Park, Md., which are to be used the United States government.

He declared that it was possible to conuct machines that would carry twenty- persons or that would travel 100 miles, at present he saw no necessity for such rs. He predicted that the aëroplane supplant train service for making short hurried trips across the country.

Within a few years it will be possible make a run from New York to Chicago n aëroplane," Mr. Wright said.

e asserted that the present epidemic of tion accidents was due to careless and less driving.

**oman Passes Examination for Chainman.**

or the first time in the history of New k State a woman is an applicant for the tion of chainman in the State's serv-

With 371 other candidates Mrs. Lua F. Donnelly, of Brockport, took the nt State civil-service examination for ointment to the position, and she is ng the 179 successful candidates. As is the only female eligible for appointnt her name can be certified among the three successful candidates, although ranks No. 100 on the list.

Mrs. Donnelly is the wife of a civil engineer, and in her application papers says she has studied engineering with him for over two years, and has served as "instrument man" on farm surveys of lands and laying out streets. She speaks German, French, and Spanish.

The position of chainman pays from $2.50 to $3 a day. The duties consist mainly of field work.

**65 Autos in Canal Zone.**

The latest issue received here of the *Panama Canal Record*, the official publication of the Isthmian Canal Commission, ws that there are sixty-five automobiles ensed to travel in the Canal Zone. Only urteen of these are the property of resints of the zone. The remainder belong o the citizens of the republic of Panama. With one exception they are passenger vehicles. The exception is a motor wagon in use at Mount Hope and Cristobal.

The first Canal Zone automobile license was issued on December 3, 1910. In the same month five other licenses were issued. In 1911 28 licenses were obtained, and there have been 48 issued to September 1, 1912. Seventeen of the issues have lapsed. Of 31 motor cycle licenses, 28 were owned by residents in the Canal Zone.

**Women Conductors Are Tried on Cars in Philadelphia.**

The Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company is experimenting with women conductors on its new "pay-as-you-enter" cars. Recently two of the ticket sellers from the Market Street "L" were detailed to act as conductors on the new cars. While none of the officials comment on the result of the experiment, it is known that they are pleased.

On the new cars, the conductor is merely a cashier. He, or she, sits within a cage-like inclosure and merely receives the fare and makes change and records the receipts. Electric switches have relieved the necessity of aiding the motormen, and there is no adjusting of trolleys. Men are not necessarily required for the work. The chief aim of the company, however, is to do away with as many of the causes of labor difficulties as possible.

**Boston Ball Players Good Waiters.**

One of the reasons the Boston Red Sox scored so many runs this season and were so far out in front in the American League pennant pursuit is that the Stahlwarts outclassed their rivals in obtaining free passes from opposing pitchers. Records compiled reveal the fact that the pace-setters have had 440 bases on balls lavished on them since the campaign started, and that their regulars—Tris Speaker, Duffy Lewis, Larry Gardner, et al.—have worked twirlers for transportation oftener than all the members of certain second-division teams—Cleveland, for instance.

While the Red Sox were obtaining 440 passes the Nationals were acquiring 396 and the White Elephants 379.

The individual pass list shows clearly why Tris Speaker, who many persons have the hunch will be the winner of the Chalmers car that is presented to the player in the American League who is most valuable to his team, is the leading run getter in the junior league, and also shows clearly why Eddie Collins, of the Athletics, who hasn't come anywhere near making his two hundredth base hit, has managed to cross the plate over 100 times.

Neither Speaker nor Collins, however, lead the American League brigade of pitcher workers. That honor is held (or was on August 31) by Morris Rath, Chicago's lead-off man, who had received 81 passes. Owen Bush, Detroit's diminutive shortstop, with 80 gifts, was a very close second. Collins, with 75 bases on balls to his credit, was a mighty good third, and then followed in the order named: Shotten, of St. Louis, 71; Speaker, of Boston, 55; Hooper, of Boston, 54; Harry Lord, of Chicago, 53; Hartzell, of New York, 51, and Gardner, of Boston, 50. Other good waiters are Milan, of Washington, and Daniels, of New York, these men being sure to receive more than 50 passes this season. Daniels has everybody in the American League beaten in obtaining Red Cross passes, having been awarded first base 13 times because he has been hit by pitched balls. Collins, oddly enough, hasn't been in contact once this year with a wildly flung sphere.

**Government May Buy Vanderbilt Estate.**

The famous Vanderbilt estate, of Biltmore, near Ashville, N. C., may be acquired by the Federal government under the Weeks' act for the creation of the Appalachian and White Mountain forest reserve. There are 110,000 acres. It belongs to George W. Vanderbilt.

Under the Weeks' act $8,000,000 is available for expenditure during the next three years, and if the Vanderbilt mansion were bought at anything near its real value there would be very little left for the rest of the southern Appalachian reserve.

**Almost Incalculable Damage Done by Australian Rabbits.**

There are still many millions of rabbits in Australia doing incalculable harm, and the least cessation of hostilities against them results in rapid multiplication of numbers. It is well that stock owners are more generally realizing how many more sheep their properties will carry if free from rabbits, and the erection of netting fences is becoming more general. On freehold properties, unquestionably the best method of ridding the country of the pest is to wire net. On very large properties and leaseholds the rabbit pest is still a serious problem, and the government assists by providing netting at a moderate price on easy terms. In hot countries where there is not much surface water the cheapest and most efficient plan is undoubtedly to poison water which can be reached by rabbits and not by stock.

The rabbit pest in New South Wales is spreading, notwithstanding all that is being done in the shape of trapping, poisoning, fumigating, and digging out. The greed of the rabbit is proverbial, and the amount of herbage devoured by the animal is considerable. The commercial loss sustained is consequently an immense one.

The export of rabbit skins from New South Wales during 1911 was 5,178,839 pounds, as against 5,650,000 pounds the previous year and 3,135,000 pounds in 1909. The total exports of rabbit and hare skins from the commonwealth during 1911 was 10,388,716 pounds, or a little more than half a million pounds more than the previous year.

**First Motor Ship Visits New York.**

Sailors in New York harbor looked with wondering eyes recently upon a strange new vessel which glided swiftly and noiselessly without smokestack or sails through the shipping to her dock. She was the *Christian I.*, of the Hamburg-American Line, 7,300 tons burden, the first motor ship which has visited the port, and she came in from New Orleans to get fuel oil to run her to Hamburg. Her captain said that she consumed ten tons of oil a day.

**Chinese Troops Kill 1,000.**

Atrocities, committed by Chinese expeditionary troops in Mongolia, are reported in Harbin dispatches. After plundering and burning several monasteries the troops massacred 1,000 Mongolians and mutilated the bodies of men and children.

Prince and Princess Un-Ai made their escape with great difficulty, but all the members of their family were murdered.

# The Nick Carter Weekly

**ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY** **BEAUTIFUL COLORED COVERS**

When it comes to detective stories worth while, the NICK CARTER WEEKLY contains the only ones that should be considered. They are not overdrawn tales of bloodshed. They rather show the workings of one of the finest minds ever conceived by a writer.

The name of Nick Carter is familiar all over the world and the stories of his adventures are read eagerly by millions, in twenty different languages. No other stories have withstood the severe test of time so well as those contained in the NICK CARTER WEEKLY. It proves conclusively that they are best.

We give herewith a list of all the back numbers in print. You can have your news-dealer order them or they will be sent direct by the publishers to any address upon receipt of the price in money or postage-stamps.

516—The Mechanical Giant.
517—Doris, the Unknown.
519—Madge Morley's Ghost.
520—An Automobile Mystery.
521—The Mysterious Stranger.
522—The White Arm of a Woman.
523—The Man in the Doorway.
524—The Plot of the Baron.
525—The Passenger on the Night Local.
526—A Double Mystery.
527—Clarice, the Countess.
531—A Blackmailer's Paradise.
532—Gipsy Madge, the Blackmailer.
533—Facing an Unseen Terror.
534—Idayah, the Woman of Mystery.
537—Zanabayah, the Terrible.
538—The Seven-headed Monster.
539—The Woman of the Mask.
540—The Masked Woman's Daring Plot.
543—Black Madge's Vengeance.
544—A Tragedy of the Footlights.
545—The Maynard Woman's Double
546—Three Against Fifteen.
547—Mystery of Two Passengers.
549—The House of Secrets.
550—The Lost Bank President.
551—Ralph Bolton's Double Plot.
552—The Dare-devil Crook.
553—A Mystery from the Klondyke.
554—Returned from the Grave.
555—The Mystery Man of 7-Up Ranch.
556—A Bad Man of Montana.
557—The Man from Arizona.
558—Kid Curry's Last Stand.
559—A Beautiful Anarchist.
560—The Nihilist's Second Move.
561—The Brotherhood of Free Russia.
562—A White House Mystery.
563—The Great Spy System.
564—The Last of Mustushimi.
566—A Mystery in India Ink.
567—The Plot of the Stantons.
568—The Criminal Trust.
569—The Syndicate of Crooks.
570—The Order of the Python.
571—Tried for His Life.
572—A Bargain With a Thief.
573—Peters, the Shrewd Crook.
574—The Mystery of the Empty Grave.
575—The Yellow Beryl.
576—The Dead Man on the Roof.
577—A Double-barreled Puzzle.
578—An Automobile Duel.
579—Jasper Ryan's Counter Move.
580—An International Conspiracy.
581—Plotters Against a Nation.
582—Mignon Duprez, the Female Spy.
583—A Mystery of High Society.
584—A Million Dollars Reward.
585—The Signal of Seven Shots.
586—The "Shadow."
587—A Dead Man's Secret.
588—A Victim of Magic.
589—A Plot Within a Palace.
590—The Countess Zeta's Defense.
591—The Princess' Last Effort.
592—The Two Lost Crittendens.
593—Miguel, the Avenger.
594—Eulalia, the Bandit Queen.
595—The Crystal Mystery.
596—A Battle of Wit and Skill.
597—Vanderdyken, the Millionaire.
598—Patsy's Vacation Problem.
599—The King's Prisoner.
600—A Woman to the Rescue.
601—Nick Carter in Japan.
602—Talika, the Geisha Girl.
603—By Order of the Emperor.
604—The Convict's Secret.
605—The Man in the Dark.
606—An Anarchist Plot.
607—The Mysterious Mr. Peters.
608—A Woman at Bay.
609—The Balloon Tragedy.
610—Nick Carter's Strangest Case.
611—The Stolen Treasure.
612—The Island of Fire.
613—The Senator's Plot.
614—The Madness of Morgan.
615—A Million-dollar Hold-up.
616—Nick Carter's Submarine Clue.
617—Under the Flag of Chance.
618—The Case Against Judge Bernard.
619—Down to the Grave.
620—The Fatal Javelin.
621—The Duke of Nick Carter.
622—A Strange Coincidence.
623—Pauline—A Mystery.
624—A Woman of Plots.
625—A Millionaire Swindler.
626—The Money Schemers.
627—On the Trail of the Moon.
628—The House of Mystery.
629—The Disappearance of Monsieur Gereaux.
630—An Heiress to Millions.
631—The Man in the Biograph.
632—The Time-lock Puzzle.
633—The Moving Picture Mystery.
634—The Tiger-tamer.
635—A Strange Bargain.
636—The Haunted Circus.
637—The Secret of a Private Room.
638—A Mental Mystery.
639—The Sealed Envelope.
640—The Message in Blue.
641—A Dream of Empire.
642—The Detective's Disappearance
643—The Midnight Marauders.
644—The Child of the Jungle.
645—Nick Carter's Satanic Enemy.
646—Three Times Stolen.
647—The Great Diamond Syndicate
648—The House of the Yellow Door
649—The Triangle Clue.
650—The Hollingsworth Puzzle.
651—The Affair of the Missing Bonds.
652—The Green Box Clue.
653—The Taxi-cab Mystery.
654—The Mystery of a Hotel Room.
655—The Tragedy of the Well.
656—The Black Hand.
657—The Black Hand Nemesis.
658—A Masterly Trick.
659—A Dangerous Man.
660—Castor, the Poisoner.
661—The Castor Riddle.
662—A Tragedy of the Bowery.
663—Four Scraps of Paper.
664—The Secret of the Mine.
665—The Dead Man in the Car.
666—Nick Carter's Master Struggle.
667—The Air-shaft Spectre.
668—The Broken Latch.
669—Nick Carter's Sudden Peril.
670—The Man with the Missing Thumb.
671—Feltman, the "Fence."
672—A Night with Nick Carter.
673—In the Nick of Time.
674—The Dictator's Treasure.
675—Pieces of Eight.
676—Behind the Mask.
677—The Green Patch.
678—The Drab Thread.
679—The Live-wire Clue.
680—The Vampires of the Tenement.
681—The Policy King Baffled.
682—The Madman's Gig.
683—A Life at Stake.
684—Trailing a Secret Thread.
685—The Crimson Flash.
686—A Puzzle of Identities.
687—The Westervelt Option.
688—The Vanishing Heiress.
689—The Birth of a Mystery.
690—A Clue from the Past.
691—The Red Triangle.
692—Doctor Quartz Again.
693—The Famous Case of Doctor Quartz.
694—The Chemical Clue.
695—The Prison Cipher.
696—A Pupil of Doctor Quartz.
697—The Midnight Visitor.
698—The Master Crook's Match.
699—The Man Who Vanished.
700—The Garnet Gauntlet.
701—The Silver Hair Mystery.
702—The Cloak of Guilt.
703—A Battle for a Million.
704—Written in Red.
705—The Collodion Stain.
707—Rogues of the Air.
709—The Bolt from the Blue.
710—The Stockbridge Affair.
711—A Secret from the Past.
712—Playing the Last Hand.
713—A Slick Article.
714—The Taxicab Riddle.
715—The Knife Thrower.
716—The Ghost of Bare-faced Jimmy.
717—The Master Rogue's Alibi.
718—The Diplomatic Spy.
719—The Dead Letter.
720—The Allerton Millions.
721—A Play for Place.
722—The House of Whispers.
723—The Blue Room Mystery.
727—The Great Pool Room Syndicate.
728—The Mummy's Head.
729—The Garnet Clue.
730—The Torn Card.
731—Under Desperation's Spur.
732—The Connecting Link.
733—The Abduction Syndicate.
734—The Silent Witness.
736—The Toils of a Siren.
737—The Mark of a Circle.
738—A Plot Within a Plot.
739—The Dead Accomplice.
740—A Mysterious Robber.
741—The Green Scarab.
742—The Strangest Case on Record
743—A Shot in the Dark.
744—The Seven Schemers.
745—The Hidden Crime.
746—The Secret Entrance.
747—The Cavern Mystery.
748—The Disappearing Fortune.
749—A Voice from the Past.
752—The Spider's Web.
753—The Man With a Crutch.
754—The Rajah's Regalia.
755—Saved from Death.
756—The Man Inside.
757—Out for Vengeance.
758—The Poisons of Exili.
759—The Antique Vial.
760—The House of Slumber.
761—A Double Identity.
762—"The Mocker's" Stratagem.
763—The Man that Came Back.
764—The Tracks in the Snow.
765—The Babbington Case.
766—Masters of Millions.
767—The Blue Stain.
768—The Lost Clew.
769—The Midnight Message.
770—The Turn of a Card.
771—A Message in the Dust.
772—A Royal Flush.
773—The Metal Casket Mystery.
774—The Great Buddha Beryl.
775—The Vanishing Heiress.
776—The Unfinished Letter.
777—A Difficult Trail.
778—A Six-word Puzzle.
779—Dr. Quartz.
780—Dr. Quartz's Oath.
781—The Fate of Dr. Quartz.
782—A Woman's Stratagem.
783—The Cliff Castle Affair.
784—A Prisoner of the Tomb.
785—A Resourceful Foe.
786—The Heir of Dr. Quartz.
787—Dr. Quartz, the Second.
788—Dr. Quartz II. at Bay.
789—The Great Hotel Tragedies.
790—Zanoni, the Witch.
791—A Vengeful Sorceress.
792—The Prison Demon.
793—Doctor Quartz on Earth Again.
794—Doctor Quartz's Last Play.
795—Zanoni, the Transfigured.
796—The Lure of Gold.
797—The Man With a Chest.
798—A Shadowed Life.
799—The Secret Agent.
800—A Plot for a Crown.
801—The Red Button.
802—Up Against It.
803—The Gold Certificate.
804—Jack Wise's Hurry Call.
805—Nick Carter's Ocean Chase.
806—Nick Carter and the Broken Dagger.
807—Nick Carter's Advertisement.
808—The Kregoff Necklace.
809—The Footprints on the Rug.
810—The Copper Cylinder.
811—Nick Carter and the Nihilists.
812—Nick Carter and the Convict Gang.
813—Nick Carter and the Guilty Governor.
814—The Triangled Coin.
815—Ninety-nine—and One.
816—Coin Number 77.
817—In the Canadian Wilds.
818—The Niagara Smugglers.
819—The Man Hunt.

## New Nick Carter Stories

1—The Man from Nowhere.
2—The Face at the Window.
3—A Fight for a Million.
4—Nick Carter's Land Office.
5—Nick Carter and the Professor.
6—Nick Carter as a Mill Hand.
7—A Single Clew.
8—The Currie Outfit.

**Price, Five Cents per Copy.** If you want any back numbers of our weeklies and cannot procure them from your news dealer, they can be obtained direct from this office. Postage stamps taken the same as money.

**STREET & SMITH, PUBLISHERS, 79-89 SEVENTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY**